



Printed for John Bell, British Library Strand, London. Dec^r. 23^d. 1781.



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BELL'S EDITION.
THE POETRY OF GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAPMAN & CRUSCHILL.



KING VOL. I.

Printed for John Bell, British Library Strand, London, Dec. 5th 1761.



THE *God 1126*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM KING.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I sing the various chances of the world,
Thro' which men are by Fate or Fortune hurl'd.
'Tis by no scheme or method that I go,
But paint in verse my notions as they flow;
With heat the wanton images pursue,
Fond of the old, yet still creating new;
Fancy myself in some secure retreat,
Resolve to be content, and so be great.

KING.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

THE
BOTANICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM KING.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:
AS THE PROPERTY OF THE UNIVERSITY.
1841.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM KING.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ART OF COOKERY,
IN IMITATION OF
HORACE'S ART OF
POETRY,

ART OF LOVE, IN
IMITATION OF
OVID'S ART OF
LOVE,

Uc. Uc. Uc.

Read here in softest sounds the sweetest satire;
A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good nature.
An English Ovid, from his birth he seems
Inspir'd alike with strong poetick dreams:
The Roman rants of heroes, gods, and Jove;
The Briton purely paints The Art of Love.

ANONYM.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS,
Anno 1781.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM KING,
VOL. I.

CONTAINING

ANY OF COCKERY, IN
IMITATION OF
HONORABLE LADIES, AND OF
POETRY.



MUSEUM

Read here in British Museum
A new copy in gold, a beautiful
An edition from his first edition
Inscribed with these words: 'The
The House of Lords, and the
The House of Commons, and the
The House of Commons, and the

1781.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MESSRS.
1781.

THE LIFE OF

DR. WILLIAM KING.

THIS ingenious and humorous Poet was son of Ezekiel King of London, in which city he was born about the year 1663. He was bred with the strictest care from his infancy, and as soon as he became fit for it was put under the care of Dr. Busby at Westminster School, where being chosen King's Scholar, his natural good talents received all those improvements from cultivation that might be expected from so admirable a master. He was afterwards elected to Christ-church College in Oxford, and admitted a student there on Michaelmas term 1681, at the age of eighteen years. With this situation he was particularly pleased, and made use of the advantages it gave him. He had a strong propensity to letters, and of those valuable treasures he daily increased his stock; but being well descended, and becoming early possessed of an easy fortune*, he indulged his genius and

* The author of some Account of his Life observes that he was allied to the noble families of Clarendon and Rochester; and several passages of his life mentioned in the course of this Memoir confirms it. The Doctor himself having occasion to speak of some fine pictures of Paulo Veronese, in the possession afterwards of Lord Harcourt, calls him his Cousin, and among his Hints for making a collection of books, manuscripts, &c. which might tend to the honour of the British name, he proposes an inquiry to be made what lives of merchants and

inclination in the choice method of his studies, ranging freely and at large through the pleasant fields of polite literature; and being ravished with the sweet pursuit he prosecuted it with incredible diligence and assiduity.

It appeared from his loose papers, termed by him *Adversaria*, that before he was eight years standing in the university he had read over and made Reflections on twenty-two thousand and odd hundred books and manuscripts, a few of which we shall give below.

citizens of eminency have been wrote. "It is a pity, continues he, "if none or few are found. Whether there is not a life wrote "of my grandfather La Motte: he was a merchant of note." With regard to his fortune, we are informed in the Account of his Life, that he enjoyed a pretty paternal estate in Middlesex and elsewhere; and our Author himself occasionally mentions his estates in Northampton and Leicestershire. The passage is in his *Animadversions on Lord Moleworth's Account of Denmark*, which because it will furnish no unfit specimen of the taste and manner of that piece, we shall present our readers with it as follows. In answer to some of his Lordship's remarks on the poor diet in Denmark he writes thus: "Their peasants "live as plentifully as in other countries; they have good "flesh and salt fish, white meats, roots, &c.; but what signifies all this (according to our Author, p. 11.) since necessarily fresh fish is wanting? I could heartily condole their condition if my tenants in Northampton and Leicestershire would not take exception; for if they found me once so indulgent to the peasants of another nation, they would certainly expect a double barrel of Colchester oysters by the next carrier; and without a cod's head, smelts, or turbot. "I might even go to plough myself for Hodge and Sawney."

† *Diogenes Laertius*, book i. "Thales being asked how a

as a specimen, in order to let the reader into the humour and taste of our Author.

“man might most easily brook misfortunes? answered, “if he
“saw his enemies in a worse condition.” It is not agreed concerning the Wise Men, or whether indeed they were Seven.
“Solon ordained that the guardians of orphans should not
“cohabit with their mothers, and that no person should be a
“guardian to those whose estate descended upon them at the
“orphan’s decease; that no sealgraver should keep the seal
“of a ring that was sold; that if any man put out the eye of
“him who had but one he should lose both his own; that
“where a man never planted it should be death to take
“away; that it should be death for a man to be taken in
“drink. Solon’s letters, at the end of his life in Laertius, give
“us a truer idea of the man than all he has written before,
“and are indeed very fine. Solon’s to Croesus are very genteel; and Pittacus’s, on the other side, as rude and philosophical: however, both shew Croesus to have been a very
“great man.—Anacharsis has an epistle to Croesus to thank
“him for his invitation; and Periander one to all the Wise
“Men to invite them to Corinth to him after their return from
“Lydia.—Epimenides has an epistle to Solon to invite him
“to Crete under the tyranny of Pisistratus. Epimenides often
“pretended that he rose from death to life.—Socrates is said
“to have assisted Euripides in his tragedies. He was a great
“champion of democracy, and extols pleasure as the best
“thing a man could enjoy, as Xenophon witnesses in his Symposium.—Xenophon was modest to excess, and the most
“lovely person living.—Bion used to say it was more easy to
“determine differences between enemies than friends; for
“that of two friends one would become an enemy, but of
“two enemies one would become a friend.—Aristippus was
“a man of a soft temper, and could comply with all persons,
“places, and seasons. He could enjoy and scorn pleasure if
“too expensive to his way of living. He said pleasure was no
“crime, but it was a crime for a man to be a slave to his
“pleasure.—We can have no true character of him from his

He took his first degree in arts December 8th 1685, and thence proceeded regularly to that of Ma-

“ life in Laertius, for it is certain he was an exact courtier, and
 “ the rest of the philosophers, the Grecians, were generally
 “ averse to him because he could endure to live in the court
 “ of Dionysius, whereas they were all for a democracy, and
 “ could not endure to see a Greek complaisant to a monarch,
 “ being a thing, as they thought, below the dignity of his
 “ birth. Pleasure was the thing he sought after; and the He-
 “ gesiacks, his followers, tell us there was nothing either plea-
 “ sant or unpleasant by nature; but that through scarcity,
 “ novelty, and satiety, some things were delightful, others
 “ distasteful; that wealth and poverty had no relation to plea-
 “ sure, for that the pleasures of the rich and the pleasures of
 “ the poor were still the same. They were of opinion that the
 “ transgressions of men were to be pardoned, for that no man
 “ committed a voluntary sin but by the impulse of some na-
 “ tural passion or other; that a man ought to propose to him-
 “ self, as his chiefest end, to live a life free from trouble and
 “ pain, which happens to them who are not over eager in the
 “ chase and pursuit of pleasure. See in the life of Aristippus
 “ the notion of the Cyreniacks about friendship, and how they
 “ show the pleasure that is in it.—Theodorus the Atheist de-
 “ nied friendship, as neither appearing really in fools nor
 “ wise men; for in the first as soon as the benefit ceases the
 “ friendship dies; and wise men trust so much to their own
 “ abilities that they stand in need of none.—Laertius has
 “ made verses on most of the philosophers which are very
 “ dull.—The Phrygians profuse in their tempers.—Menede-
 “ mus, when a stupid fellow talked impertinently to him,
 “ said, “Hast thou any lands?” The fellow answered, “Yes;
 “ several farms.” “Go, then,” said he, “and look after
 “ them, lest thou lose thy wealth, and come to be a poor fool.”
 “Timon, an inveterate enemy to the Academick philosophers,
 “ has written a satire upon them all.—There is a very fine
 “ ode of Aristotle’s in Diogenes Laertius concerning virtue and

Her July 6th in the year of the Revolution, and the same year commenced author. He had the happiness of being endued with a religious turn of mind †,

"friendship which wants to be translated from the Greek.—
 "Diogenes's sayings are most of them puns. He said opposition was the study of his whole life.—Hypparchia, a woman of a good birth and fortune, fell in love with Crates the nasty Cynick, and would needs marry him, and live after his fashion. Crates made her brother become his auditor by letting a f—. These Cynicks were nasty brutes.—The logic of the Stoicks seems to me, as far as I can make any thing of Laertius, to be nothing but words. They held self-preservation to be the first of all desires infused into all creatures.—Erillus maintained there were things indifferent between virtue and vice."—From these Observations on Laertius the reader will be able to form a judgment of others. We need not take notice that this method of making remarks upon the authors he read is very far from being peculiar to the Doctor; it is the general way of every student; but nothing discovers the taste and temper of his genius more than the turn and nature of his Adversaria: it is these that shew how freely the Doctor ranged in the fields of polite learning, as well as what sort of flowers pleased his fancy most. None of the humorous kind seem to have escaped his notice, especially if dressed up in verse, of which the following may serve for a specimen:

Mirth makes them not mad,
 Nor sobriety sad,
 For of that they are seldom in danger:
 At Paris, at Rome,
 At the Hague, they're at home:
 The good fellow is no where a stranger.

† This was so much his disposition, that he would never enter upon any business of the day till he had performed his devotions, and read several portions of Scripture out of the Psalms, the Prophets, and the New Testament, on which he would often make his remarks, taking a fresh piece of paper

which being joined to the warmest regard for the honour of his country †, prompted him to rescue the

every morning in his hands, on which he always begun with *Σὺν Θεῷ*, *By God's permission*; and this paper he kept at hand all day, to write down whatever occurred to his mind or pleased his fancy; these he called Hints, which he could refer to at pleasure: accordingly we find several of these upon the subject of religion and the church, as well as virtue and morality. Such, for instance, are these: "The second of Esdras seems to me full of tautologies and childish instances of God's power and explanation of his secret designs. Chrysostome speaks expressly of Jesus Christ.—See Bartolus Agricola de Advocato. Having taught the advocate to be a good man, he proceeds to make him a good Christian.—There is such an air of piety runs through all Hacklitt's discoveries that makes it seem as if that alone made them successful. What signified all the Buccaneers' prosperity without virtue? to what authority did all their wars and conquests bring them but to make one another rich and vicious?"

† In this spirit, at the head of a very large number of his *Adversaria* we find "Criticisms and remarks in poetry, &c. as might tend to the honour of the British name and literature." To encourage a collection of this kind our Author recommends a prodigious number of observations on books, manuscripts, and what else he had met with to promote the said work. These observations fill up above twenty pages in octavo, and are most of them exceeding curious. The great number of the valuable smaller poetical pieces referred to and mentioned in them are a conspicuous proof of our Author's judgment as well as diligence. Among other rare pieces he mentions the *Polemio Middiano*, a Macaronick poem by Drummond of Hawthornden, which, as he intimates, was published by Dr. Gibson, late Bishop of London. He takes notice also of the Bishop of Litchfield's *Technical verses for Chronology* as a stupendous work, comprehending that learning through many

character and name of Wicliffe, our first reformer, from the calumnies of Mons. Varillas: the thing had been publickly requested also as a proper undertaking for such as were at leisure and would take the trouble. Mr. King therefore deeming himself to be thus called forth to the charge, readily entered the lists, and with a proper mixture of wit and learning handsomely exposed the blunders of that French

ages so short, that nothing can be a greater instance *memoriam in artem posse redire*. In the same view having afterwards mentioned the technical verses usually found in the little manuals of logick, he says it were to be wished that the memorial verses in all sciences were collected together and printed; and his judgment in this particular has been confirmed, and the design here hinted actually put into execution by the learned Dr. Richard Gray, in his *Memoria Technica*, or Art of Memory. Our Poet is particularly inquisitive after many pieces of the author of Hudibras. "If that author," says he, "has left any Latin behind him, it would be the best in that kind: his thoughts are so just, his images so lively, such a deep insight into the nature of mankind, and the humour of those times, that no true history could be wrote without studying that author. It is pity," continues he, "that the finest of our English poets, especially the divine Shakespeare, had not communicated their beauties to the world so as to be understood in Latin, whereby foreigners have sustained so great a loss to this day, when all of them were inexcusable but the most inimitable Shakespeare. I am so far from being envious and desirous to keep those treasures to ourselves, that I could wish all our most excellent poets translated into Latin that are not so already." Accordingly this hint of the Doctor's was not lost; among other things we have since seen not only a Latin translation of Prior's Solomon, but even of Milton's Paradise Lost, excellently performed in verse by Mr. Dobson, Fellow of New College, Oxford.

author in a piece entitled *Reflections upon Mr. Varillas his History of Heresy*, book I. tome I. as far as relates to English Matters, more especially those of Wicliffe, London 1688 †.

† Mr. Varillas had entitled his book *Histoire des Revolutions arrivees en Europe en Matiere de Religion*, Paris, 6 volumes 4to, 1636, and again in 1687, 12mo. It begins with the year 1374, and ends in 1650. Dr. King made use of the Amsterdam edition, not being able to procure that of Paris. At the head of the first volume Varillas had put the following advertisement: "In composing this work I have taken my materials indifferently from Catholick and Protestant writers, citing these last in their own words, as often as I found them ingenuous enough not to suppress or disguise the most important truths; and it is through their own fault that I have been obliged to have recourse to the Catholicks." In like manner Mr. King prefixed an advertisement, wherein he declares "that he was willing to contribute his share in exposing Mr. Varillas's mistakes concerning Wicliffe, having formerly laid together some observations conducing to such a design. Mr. Larroque had, it is true, gone before him in the attempt, but that ingenious gentleman was not well advised to meddle in a strange country, till time had instructed him more fully in the constitutions and language of it. That he (Mr. King) has given Mr. Varillas all the law imaginable, having made no advantage of mistakes which with any reason could be charged upon the printer, and has contradicted nothing without expresse proof on his side, and in things highly improbable, which seem to have no foundation in history: unless he can confront them with positive and authentick testimonies he lets the author alone, and suffers the boldness of the assertion to be its own security." In the *Reflections* he observes that "the enemies of the Reformation, as they seem resolved never to leave off writing controversies, and being confuted by our divines, so they are not wanting upon occasion to turn their style, and furnish out matter of triumph

About this time having fixed on the Civil Law for his profession, he entered upon that line in the

“to our historians, Saunders and Caussin heretofore, and of late Mr. Maimbourg and Mons. Varillas, have thought themselves qualified for this employment. Among the rest,” continues he, “Mr. Varillas has used his pen with such a partial extravagance, and with so little regard to modesty and truth, that he has not only provoked the learned of the reformed profession to chastise his impudence in their public writings, but has also drawn upon him the scorn and indignation of several gentlemen of his own communion, who, in a sense of honour and common ingenuity, have taken some pains to lay open the smooth imposture. Mr. Hosier, Genealogist to the King of France, in his Epistle declares himself to have discovered in him above four thousand errors. Père Bohours in a discourse of his makes it his business to expose him. Even his old friend Mr. Dryden seems to have forsaken him, and gone over to his adversary Bossuet, from whose original he is now translating the life of St. Xavier. To be free, there is almost as many faults in every single page of Mr. Varillas as in a printer’s table of Errata: and if the Archbishop of Paris would do his duty; he would find himself bound to put a holy censure upon his pensioner; and as he was lately very forward to compel those of the reformed religion to a recantation of their faith, so he ought here to oblige Mr. Varillas to an abjuration of his history.” We must not omit, in justice however to Varillas, to observe, that as to the matter of this pension he absolutely denied it. It is true Le-Long tells us that he was offered such by several French noblemen as well as foreigners, which he always refused; and particularly the States of Holland offered him one in 1669, to engage him to write their history; but he also refused this by the advice of Mr. Pomponne: he accepted that only of the clergy of France, which Mr. de Harlai, Archbishop of Paris, had procured for him. But

university, and at the regular time took his Doctor's degree therein, which qualifying him to plead in the courts of the Civil and Ecclesiastical law, he was admitted an Advocate, and residing at Doctors Commons soon grew into considerable repute, and had great practice as a Civilian. In the interim Lord Molesworth publishing his Account of Denmark in 1692, our Author took up his pen once more in his country's cause, the honour of which was thought to be blemished by that Account. Animated with this spirit he drew up a censure of it, which he printed under the title of Animadversions upon the pretended Account of Denmark †. This was published in 1694,

Varillas contradicts this, and in his Answer to Bishop Burnet says that he "never accepted the pension which Mr. Harlai had obtained for him from the clergy of France in 1670, nor yet that which he procured of the King for him, charged upon the Abbey of La Victoire, in 1672; and that all that he received by the Archbishop's means was a present from the assembly of the clergy in 1670, and a gratuity from the King of two thousand livres in 1685." However that be, our Author having observed that these Reflections on Varillas's Account of Wicliffe contain some memoirs of that great man, who was as it were the morning star of the Reformation, proceeds thus: "It were to be wished," says he, "that from the many volumes of his works still remaining a history of Religion of that time were composed, which would give great light into the affairs of England."

† Our Author acquaints us that these Animadversions were wrote at the request of the Rev. Mr. Brink, Minister of the Danish church in London, a person whose merit, travels, and

and was so much approved by Prince George, consort to the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne, that the

knowledge of the world, had deservedly gained him the favour of the then present King of Denmark, upon whom he was an attendant at Venice; that from him, assisted by his Excellency Mr. Scheel, who resided here as Envoy Extraordinary, he had the memoirs which composed those papers, which had the honour not to be unacceptable to his Royal Highness Prince George; and when sent to Denmark were by the late king's order turned into French, and read to him as fast as they could be translated; that he had seen two editions of them, one in Holland and another in Germany; that he should be ungrateful if he did not acknowledge the great honour which the university of Copenhagen did him in a letter under the seal of that learned and flourishing body; that he took it as one of his greatest happinesses that by the means of his acquaintance with Mr. Brink he had accompanied him to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Bishop of London, with letters from the Bishop of Copenhagen, testifying the respect he had for their Lordships, and his just regard and veneration for the church of England. "As to the matters of fact laid down in these papers," says he, "I am no farther accountable, but believe none of them can be contradicted." The book has a great many curious remarks upon the Danish constitution both in church and state, one of which we shall mention as follows: "It is a general mistake," he observes, "in England, to call the notion of the Lutheran Protestants concerning the sacrament Consubstantiation, for no such word is used amongst them. Their notion amounts to this, that they believe stedfastly a real and true presence of the body and blood of Christ in the sacrament in a manner ineffable, which our Saviour himself is best able both to know and do; whereas Consubstantiation would imply something more natural and material."

Doctor was appointed Secretary to her Royal Highness the same year.

In 1697 attacked by Dr. Bentley, he took a share with his fellow collegians at Christ-church in the dispute against that learned Doctor about the genuineness of Phalaris's Greek Epistles. His zeal for the honour of his college glows with a singular warmth in this controversy †.

† We have two letters of our Author which shew how he came to enter into this dispute: they are addressed to the Hon. Charles Boyle, Esq. who had applied to him for an account of what passed between Mr. Bennet the bookseller and Dr. Bentley concerning the MS. of Phalaris's Epistles; in answer to which he says, that among other things the Doctor declared "that if the MS. was collated it would be worth nothing for the future; and that his whole discourse was managed with much insolence." This letter is dated Doctors Commons, October 13th 1697, and was written in Dr. Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æsop, then just published: in which piece our Author finding himself treated with some contempt addressed another letter to Mr. Boyle in the following terms: "Give me leave, Sir, to tell you a secret, that I have spent a whole day upon Dr. Bentley's late volume of scandal and criticism, for every one mayn't judge it for his credit to be so employed. He thinks meanly I find of my reading; as meanly I think of his sense, his modesty, or his manners: and yet for all that I dare say I have read more than any man in England besides him and me; for I have read his book all over.—If you have looked into it, Sir, you have found that a person under the pretence of criticism may take what freedom he pleases with the reputation and credit of any gentleman, and that he need not have any regard to another man's character

The following year came out his humorous piece entitled *A Journey to London in the Year 1698*, as-

“who has once resolved to expose his own. It was my misfortune once in my life to be in the same place with Dr. Bentley, and a witness to a great deal of his rude and scurrilous language, which he was so liberal of as to throw out at random in a publick shop, and is so silly now as to call it eavesdropping in me, because he was so noisy and I was so near that I could not help hearing him.—You desired me at some years distance to recollect what passed at that meeting, and I obeyed your commands. Shall I reckon it an advantage that Dr. Bentley, who disputes the other testimonies, falls in entirely with mine? I would, if I were not apprehensive, on that very account, it might be one step farther from being credited. However, such is his spite to me that he confirms the truth of all I told you; for the only particular I could call to mind he grants with some slight difference in the expression; and as to the general account I gave of his rudeness and insolence he denies it indeed, but in so rude and insolent a manner that there is no occasion for me to justify myself on that head. I had declared, it seems, that he said “The MS. of Phalaris would be worth nothing if it were collated.” He sets me right, and avers the expression was, that “after the various lections were once taken and printed the MS. would be like a squeezed orange, and little worth for the future.” The similitude of a squeezed orange is indeed a considerable circumstance which I had forgot, as I doubtless did several others; but for all that I remember the general drift and manner of his discourse as well as if all the particular expressions were present to me; just as I know his last book to be a disingenuous, vain, confused, unmannerly, performance, though to my happiness hardly any of his awkward jests or impertinent quotations stick by me.—I had owned it to be my opinion that “a MS. was worth nothing unless it were collated.”

ter the ingenious Method of that made by Dr. Martin L—— [Lifter] the same year; which he designed as a vindication of his country, in the view of shewing Britain as much preferable to France as wealth, plenty, and liberty, are beyond tortoisés' hearts, champignons, and moroglios; or the raising

"The Doctor cunningly distinguishes upon me, and says "it is worth nothing indeed to the rest of the world, but it is better for the world if a price were to be set upon it." I beg his pardon for my mistake; I thought we were talking of books in the way of scholars, whereas he answers me like a bookseller, and as if he dealt in MS. instead of reading them. For my part, I measure the value of these kind of things from the advantage the publick may receive from them, and not from the profit they are likely to bring to a private owner; and therefore I have the same opinion of the Alexandrian MS. (which he says he keeps in his lodgings) now as I should have had before the editors of the English Polyglot published the collation of it, though it may not perhaps bear up to the same price in St. Paul's Churchyard or an auction: but I hope if it be safely kept it need never come to the experiment.—As to the particular reflections he has cast upon me it is no more than I expected; I could neither hope nor wish for better treatment from one that had used you ill. It is reputable both to men and books to be ill spoken of by him, and a favourable presumption on their side that there is something in both which may chance to recommend them to the world. It is in the power of every little creature to throw dirty language, but a man must have some credit himself in the world before things he says can lessen the reputation of another: and if Dr. Bentley must be thus qualified in order to mischief me, I am safe from all the harm his malice can do me. I am, &c."

of two millions and two hundred thousand pounds in a few hours is preferable to any coins of Zenobia, Odenatus, and Vabaluthus. This was a specimen of that particular humour in which he excelled; and the charms of which proved irresistible; whence giving way to that *fuga negotii* so incident to the poetical race, he passed his days in the pursuit of the same ravishing images, which being aptly moulded came abroad in manuscript in the form of pleasant tales, and other pieces in verse, at various times as they happened to be finished †.

This captivated with these beauties he neglected his business, and even grew by degrees, as usual in

But our Author did not rest the matter here; in the course of this famous dispute he published Dialogues of the Dead relating to the present Controversy concerning the Epistles of Phalaris. He tells us "these were written in self-defence; and I "presume," continues he, "with modesty." And nothing shews he had it at heart more than the various memorandums relating to that subject found scattered up and down in his Adversaria.

† He collected these afterwards, and published them, together with some other pieces, in his Miscellanies, prefixing this remark in the preface concerning them: "The remaining "poems which are here must seek their fate: they were "abroad in manuscript, and I hope will not have harder fortune now they are in print than they had in the opinion "of some friends before they were so." That entitled Little Mouths had been universally admired. The reader will find it, with Dr. King's whole other poems, in this edition of his Poetical Works in two volumes.

such tempers, to dread and abhor it. Heedless of those useful supplies which it brought to his finances, and which were in a few years so much impaired by this neglect, and by the gay course of life he led in the company of some of the best wits and principal gentry and nobility of the age, he gladly accepted a seasonable offer made to him in 1707 by the Lord Pembroke, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to attend his Lordship to that kingdom, where he was made Judge Advocate, sole Commissioner of the Prizes, and Keeper of the Records; and the Lord Primate also constituted him his Vicargeneral.

With these honours he was well received and countenanced by persons of the highest rank, and might have made his fortune if the change of climate could have wrought a change in his disposition; but so far was he from forming any design to heap up riches, or of treasuring up any of that money which was now thrown into his lap, that he returned to England with no other treasure than a few merry poems and humorous essays; and retiring to his student's place at Chrill-church, he employed himself in finishing his *Art of Love*, in imitation of Ovid *de Arte Amandi*, to which he prefixed an excellent account of that poet †.

† This is such an Imitation of Ovid as that wherein the imitator and his author stand much upon the same terms as

We have observed that our Author while in Ireland neglected the best opportunity of increasing his fortune, and the circumstance which occasioned it we find to be this: he had contracted an intimacy, which soon grew into friendship, with Judge Upton, a man of the same temper with himself, who delighted in retirement and poetical amusement. The Judge had a country villa called Mountown near Dublin, where he and Dr. King used to retire and spend most of their time without any regard to their publick offices; and by these means neglecting to pay court to the Lord Lieutenant, they fell under his displeasure. These two poetical companions indulged no other thoughts but those of living and dying in their rural retreat. Upon this occasion Dr. King wrote a pastoral poem called Mully of Mountown. Mully was the name of a red cow which gave him milk, and was the subject of his poem. As our Author was known

Ben does with his father in the comedy; "What tho' he be my father? I an't bound 'prentice to 'em." The Doctor's virtuous disposition is no where more remarkably distinguished than in this piece, wherein both the subject and the example so naturally and almost unavoidably lead into some less chaste images, some looser love, which stands in need of a remedy. But there is no occasion for any remedy to be prescribed for the love here treated of besides the speedy obtaining of what it desires, since it is all prudent, honourable, and virtuous. It is divided into fourteen parts, most of which end with some remarkable fable that carries with it some realmoral.

to side with the party for the church, the criticks among the opposite party would have imposed Mully upon the world for a political allegory, the remotest from the Doctor's design of any thing they could have devised; and he would hardly think of attempting to undeceive them: on the contrary, we may suppose he was not ill pleased to see himself in such good company as that of Mr. Pope, whose Rape of the Lock was about the same time allegorized in the same manner by a critick, who assuming this postulatium, that the Lock signified the Barrier Treaty, made all the rest of the allegory out very clearly and unexceptionably. But to return from this digression.

Dr. King had not been long at the college after his return from Ireland when an incident fell out that had power enough to draw him from his beloved amusements. An action at law had been brought against the Earl of Anglesey for several cruelties used to his lady †, wherein she was backed by her mother the Countess of Dorchester. Upon this occasion his Lordship solicited Dr. King to come to Town and undertake his cause, which was then before the House of Lords. Here the force of friendship prevailed over

† She was a natural daughter of James II. and having obtained a divorce on this occasion from the Earl of Anglesey, was afterwards married to John Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire.

all his aversion to the wrangling task of an advocate: he complied with the request, took abundant pains for his old friend, more than ever he was known to do, and made such a figure in the Earl's defence as shewed him to have abilities in his profession equal to any occasion that might call for them; so that he gained the reputation of an able Civilian as well as of a humorous poet.

The Doctor's warm zeal for the church carried him in 1709 on the side of Dr. Sacheverell, and he had a hand in some of the political kites which flew about at that time. In this indeed he did no more than concur with those whose friendship he had always cultivated; and when these friends came into favour at court, and were taken soon after into the ministry, the Doctor was not wanting in his friendly offices to them, and gave a helping hand towards the support of the new measures they entered into. He printed several papers in this view, and among others one which he called *The British Palladium*, or *Welcome of Mr. St. John*, (then Secretary of State, and afterwards Lord Bolingbroke) from France.

Shortly after this the *Gazetteer's* place was offered to him in a way so agreeable to his temper that he could not refuse it†. Accordingly he entered upon

† This was done in the following manner. Dr. Swift, Dr. Freind, and Mr. Prior, together with some of theirs and Bo-

that office January 1st 1711; but the extraordinary trouble he met with in the discharge of it proved to be more than he could endure long. Besides, he began to decline in his health, and this, joined to his natural indisposition to the fatigue of any kind of business, furnished a sufficient pretence for quitting the employ, which he held only till about midsummer 1712 †, when he retired to a gentleman's house

lingbroke's friends, came to pay a visit to our Author, and brought along with them the key of the Gazetteer's Office, together with another key for the use of the Paper Office, which at that time was made the repository for the Pope, the Pretender, and the Devil, together with the effigies of Dr. Sacheverell and some other high priests, who were seized in a grand cavalcade as the mob, called then the Low-church Mob, were marching along in great triumph to burn them at Whitehall or Charingcross. The day following this friendly visit, being new-year's-day 1711, the Doctor took possession, and entered upon his office, and in two or three days after dined with the Secretary, and thanked him for his kind remembrance of him at a time when he had almost forgot himself. The author of Dr. King's Life tells us, that about half a year after Dr. Sacheverell's trial Mr. King was applied to by Dr. Swift, Dr. Freind, and some others, to write The Examiner, and accordingly undertook it, and began that paper about October 10th 1710, which he continued by the assistance of those gentlemen, and many others who afterwards favoured him with their correspondence; but the Doctor's ill state of health obliged him to quit so fatiguing an employ in about four months, when it fell into other hands.

† There appear to have been more reasons than one for the Doctor's quitting this employment. The author of his Life, published by Cui, has related an instance of inhumanity in

on the Surrey side of the Thames, where he had passed a summer or two before. Here he enjoyed his loved tranquillity with a friend, a bottle, and his books. However he crossed the water, and made frequent visits to his relation the Lord Clarendon at Somerset-house as long as he was able; but as the autumn season advanced he drooped gradually, and then neither cared to see or be seen by any one; and winter drawing on, he shut himself up entirely from his nearest friends, and would not so much as see his noble relation, till his Lordship, hearing of his weak condition, sent his sister to fetch him in a chair to a lodging he had provided for him opposite to Somerset-house in the Strand, where next day about noon, being Christmasday 1712, he yielded up his breath with all the patience and resignation of a philosopher, and with the true devotion of a Christian hero. Lord

Alderman Barber towards Dr. King. This magistrate was then printer of The Gazette, and was so cruel as to oblige the Doctor to sit up till three or four o'clock in the morning, upon those days The Gazette was published, to correct the errors of the press, which was not the business of our Author, but a corrector who is kept for that purpose in every printing-office of any consequence. This slavery the Doctor was not able to bear, and therefore quitted the office. The Alderman's severity was the more unwarrantable, as the Doctor had been very kind in obliging him by writing Examiners and some other papers *gratis*, which were of advantage to him as a printer. Those writings at that juncture made him known to the ministry, who afterwards employed him in the state paper called The Gazette,

Clarendon took care of his funeral^f, and had him decently interred in the cloisters of Westminster-abbey, where he lies next to his master Dr. Knipe, to whom a little before he had dedicated his Historical Account of the Heathen Gods.

In 1732 there came out in octavo Remains of the late learned and ingenious Dr. William King, sometime Advocate of Doctors Commons, Vicargeneral to the Archbishop of Armagh, and Record-keeper of Ireland, containing Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse and Prose, &c. &c. In this publication we have the following particulars relating to Dr. King's character. That in his morals he was religious and virtuous; modest and chaste to that degree, that he was never known to speak an immodest word or write a lewd one; that though he could not endure his business as an Advocate, yet he made an excellent Judge in the Court of Delegates, as often as he was called to that

† He had the greatest esteem possible for Lord Clarendon, and could not be persuaded to go to rest the night before his death; or lie down, till he had made such a will as he thought was agreeable to his Lordship's inclinations, whereby he constituted Elizabeth King, his sister, his sole executrix; and residuary legatee of all his estate or estates real or personal, in possession or reversion. But the writer of his Life intimates he had spent his paternal estates, and that after his return from Ireland his student's place at Christ-church was all he had left: this he retained to his death, and the profits thereof, together with the business of his profession, and the friendship of his acquaintance, which was very large, and that of the greatest quality, were his chief subsistence.

bench; that, however, his chiefest pleasure consisted in trifles, and he was never happier than when he thought he was hid from the world; yet that he loved company, provided they were such as tallied with his humour, (for few people pleased him in conversation) and it was a true sign that he liked them if he could be tolerably agreeable, at which times his discourse was cheerful, and his wit pleasant and entertaining; that he was a great dissembler of his natural temper, which was morose and peevish where he durst shew it; but he was of a timorous disposition, and the least flight or neglect would throw him into a melancholy state of despondency; that he would say a great many illnated things, but never do one; that he was made up of tenderness and pity, and tears would fall from him on the smallest occasion; that he was a Civilian exquisitely well read, a skilful Judge, and among the learned an universal scholar, a critick, and an adept, in all sciences and languages expert, and our English Ovid among the poets; and that as an Author his character may be summed up in the following lines:

Read here in softest sounds the sweetest satire;
 A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good nature.
 An English Ovid, from his birth he seems
 Inspir'd alike with strong poetick dreams:
 The Roman rants of heroes, gods, and Jove;
 The Briton purely paints The Art of Love.

Thus he is represented by the writer of his Life, who
 C ij

professes a particular love and esteem for him; and if the picture bears a just resemblance of the original, Dr. King must have been a true humourist. Indeed he has drawn his own character excellently in the following verses found in his pocket at his death, being just fresh written with a lead pencil :

I sing the various chances of the world,
Thro' which men are by Fate or Fortune hurl'd.
'Tis by no scheme or method that I go,
But paint in verse my notions as they flow;
With heat the wanton images pursue,
Fond of the old, yet still creating new;
Fancy myself in some secure retreat,
Resolve to be content, and so be great,

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It is now-a-days the hard fate of such as pretend to be authors that they are not permitted to be masters of their own works; for if such papers (however imperfect) as may be called a Copy of them, either by a servant or any other means, come to the hands of a bookseller, he never considers whether it be for the person's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his sentiments, whether to his style or correctness, or whether he has for some time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it so he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be so used, and printed with as much imperfection and as many mistakes as a bookseller that has common sense could imagine should pass upon the Town, especially in an age so polite and critical as the present.

These following Letters and Poem were at the press some time before the other paper pretending to the same title was crept out; and they had else, as the learned say, groaned under the press till such time as the sheets had, one by one, been perused and corrected not only by the Author but his friends, whose judgment as he is sensible he wants, so is he proud to own that they sometimes condescend to afford him.

For many faults that at first seem small yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the verse turns

upon the harshness of a syllable, and the laying a stress upon improper words will make the most correct piece ridiculous. False concord, tenses, and grammar, nonsense, impropriety, and confusion, may go down with some persons; but it should not be in the power of a bookseller to lampoon an author, and tell him "You did write all this; I have got it; and you shall stand to the scandal, and I will have the benefit:" yet this is the present case, notwithstanding there are above threescore faults of this nature; verses transposed, some added, others altered, or rather that should have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value himself upon the whole; but if he shews his esteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke persons to read so useful a treatise; if he shews his aversion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old British hospitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muskets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrowbones lay on the floor, and Chevy Chase and The Old Courtier of the Queen's were placed over the carved mantelpiece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor, he desires little farther than that the reader would for the future give all such booksellers as are before spoken of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS

TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

LETTER I. TO MR. —

DEAR SIR,

THE happiness of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for I must confess most of my other friends are so much taken up with politicks or speculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leisure to peruse such parts of learning as lie remote, and are fit only for the closets of the curious. How blest are you at London, where you have new books of all sorts! whilst we at a greater distance, being destitute of such improvements, must content ourselves with the old store, and thumb the Classics, as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only when you tell me of the edition of a book by the ingenious Dr. Lister, which you say is a treatise *De Condimentis et Opsonis Veterum*, "Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to use an expression which though vulgar, yet upon this occasion is just and proper; you have made my mouth water, but have not sent me wherewithal to satisfy my appetite.

I have raised a thousand notions to myself only from the title. Where could such a treasure lie hid? what manuscripts have been collated? under what

emperour was it written? might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who though vicious, and in some things fantastical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of eating?

Consider, dear Sir! in what uncertainties we must remain at present. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned antiquary. I shewed him your letter, which threw him into such a dubiousness, and indeed perplexity, of mind, that the next day he durst not put any catsup in his fish sauce, nor have his beloved pepper, oil, and lemon, with his partridge, lest before he had seen Dr. Lister's book he might transgress in using something not common to the Ancients.

Dispatch it therefore to us with all speed, for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you I hope in the first place it will in some measure remove the barbarity of our present education; for what hopes can there be of any progress in learning whilst our gentlemen suffer their sons at Westminster, Eaton, and Winchester, to eat nothing but salt with their mutton, and vinegar with their roast beef, upon holy-days? What extensiveness can there be in their souls, especially when, upon their going thence to the university, their knowledge in culinary matters is seldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the same, and as to sauces they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wished therefore that every family had a French tutor; for besides his being groom, gar-

dener, butler, and valet, you would see that he is endowed with greater accomplishments; for, according to our ancient author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, "As many Frenchmen as you have, so many Cooks you may depend upon;" which is very useful where there is a numerous issue. And I doubt not but with such tutors, and good housekeepers to provide cake and sweetmeats, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother to see that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I say, but we may have a warlike and frugal gentry, a temperate and austere clergy, and such persons of quality in all stations as may best undergo the fatigues of our fleet and armies.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break off abruptly, for I am going to Mons. D'Avaux, a person famous for easing the toothach by avulsion. He has promised to shew me how to strike a lancet into the jugular of a carp, so as the blood may issue thence with the greatest effusion, and then will instantly perform the operation of stewing it in its own blood in the presence of myself and several more virtuosi. But let him use what claret he will in the performance, I will secure enough to drink your health and the rest of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

LETTER II. TO MR. ———.

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promise in your last obliging letter, to obtain the happiness of my correspondence with Dr. Lister, and to that end have sent you the enclosed, to be communicated to him if you think convenient.

LET. III. TO DR. LISTER, PRESENT.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never use compliments; but I must tell you that I have a great ambition to hold a correspondence with you, especially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the Ancients concerning dentiscalps, vulgarly called Toothpicks. I take the use of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the instinct of Nature, which is the best mistress upon all occasions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their philosophical and mathematical observations; they searched into all the springs of action: and tho' I must condemn their superstition I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vast district that worshipped the crocodile, which is an animal whose jaws, being very oblong, give him the oppor-

tunity of having a great many teeth; and his habitation and business lying most in the water he, like our modern Dutch whiflers * in Southwark, had a very good stomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and consequently the opportunity of washing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occasion for other instruments to cleanse his teeth, which are ferrate, or like a saw. To this end Nature has provided an animal, called the Ichneumon, which performs this office, and is so maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians seeing such an useful sagacity in the crocodile, which they so much revered, soon began to imitate it, great examples easily drawing the multitude; so that it became their constant custom to pick their teeth and wash their mouths after eating. I cannot find in Marsham's Dynasties, nor in the Fragments of Manethon, what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been lunar, that is, but of a month's continuance) so venerable an usage first began; for it is the fault of great philologers to omit such things as are most material. Whether Sesostris in his large conquests might extend the use of them is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of those ages lie very much in the dark. It is very probable that the publick use of them came in about the same time that the Egyptians made use of juries. I find, in

* Whose tentergrounds are now almost all built upon.

the Preface to the Third Part of Modern Reports, that "the Chaldees had a great esteem for the number Twelve, because there were so many signs of the zodiack; from them this number came to the Egyptians, and so to Greece, where Mars himself was tried for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any stone that I have seen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them at dinner, though it is most likely that he did; for he was a quarrellsome sort of a person, and probably though acquitted might be as guilty as Count Koningmark. Now the custom of juries dining at an eatinghouse, and having glasses of water brought them, with toothpicks tinged with vermilion swimming at the top, being still continued, why may we not imagine that the toothpicks were as ancient as the dinner, the dinner as the juries, and the juries at least as the grandchildren of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed so grossly, that they seem to have had more occasion for skewers than goosequills. He is very tedious in describing a smith's forge and an anvil; whereas he might have been more polite in setting out the toothpick case or painted snuffbox of Achilles, if that age had not been so barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but consider that Athens in the time of Pericles, when it flourished most in sumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire from Augustus down to Adrian, had nothing

that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-Head-Alley, for curiosities and toyshops; neither had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the universe like raffling sometimes at Colonel Parsons's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conquests into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Caffre blacks have very fine teeth, yet I cannot find that they made use of any such instrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyssinian empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame, as I shall shew in my treatise of Forks and Napkins, of which I shall send you an essay with all expedition. I shall in that treatise fully illustrate or confute this passage of Dr. Heylin, in the third book of his Cosmography, where he says of the Chinese "that they eat their
"meat with two sticks of ivory, ebony, or the like,
"not touching it with their hands at all, and there-
"fore no great foulers of linen. The use of silver forks
"with us, by some of our spruce gallants taken up of
"late, came from hence into Italy, and from thence
"into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of these particulars; for, first, the use of these sticks is not so much to save linen as out of pure necessity, which arises from the length of their nails, which persons of great quality in those countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all possibility of working or being serviceable to them.

selves or others; and therefore if they would they could not easily feed themselves with those claws; and I have very good authority that in the East, and especially in Japan, the princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Besides, these sticks are of no use but for their sort of meat, which being pilau is all boiled to rags. But what would those sticks signify to carve a turkeycock or a chine of beef? therefore our forks are of quite different shape: the steel ones are bidental, and the silver are generally resembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian traveller, carried his knife and fork into the East Indies; and he gives a large account how at the court of an Indian prince he was admired for his neatness in that particular, and his care in wiping that and his knife before he returned them to their respective repositories. I could wish Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his *Modern Learning*, would shew us how much we are improved since Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of ivory knives, with which young heirs are suffered to mangle their own pudding, as likewise of silver and gold knives, brought in with the dessert for carving of jellies and orange-butter, and the indispensable necessity of a silver knife at the sideboard to mingle sallads with, as is

with great learning made out in a treatise called *Ace-
taria*, concerning dressing of sallads: a noble work!
but I transgress—

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor! I had almost
forgot a thing that I would not have done for the
world, it is so remarkable, I think I may be positive
from this verse of Juvenal, where he speaks of the
Egyptians,

Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morsu,

that it was sacrilege to chop a leek or bite an onion:
nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonstration
that Pharaoh Necho could have no true lenten por-
ridge, nor any carriers' sauce to his mutton; the true
receipt of making which sauce I have from an ancient
MS. remaining at the Bull-inn in Bishopsgate-street,
which runs thus:

“Take seven spoonfuls of spring-water; slice two
“onions of moderate size into a large saucer, and put
“in as much salt as you can hold at thrice betwixt
“your forefinger and thumb, if large, and serve it
“up.” *Probatum est.*

HOBSON, *Carrier to the University of Cambridge.*

The effigies of that worthy person remains still at
that inn; and I dare say not only Hobson but old
Birch, and many others of that musical and delight-
ful profession, would rather have been labourers at
the Pyramids with that regale, than to have reigned

at Memphis and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increase of learning, and more especially your, &c.

LETTER IV. TO MR. —

SIR,

I AM now very seriously employed in a work that I hope may be useful to the publick, which is a poem of The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, inscribed to Dr. Lister, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his works; but I have not vanity enough to think it will live so long. I have in the meantime sent you an Imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to supper, which is the fifth epistle of his first book. Perhaps you will find so many faults in this that you may save me the trouble of my other proposal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his gen'rous soul confine
To a small room, few dishes, and some wine;
I shall expect my happiness at nine.
Two bottles of smooth Palm or Anjou white
Shall give a welcome and prepare delight:
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely ask,
But the Champagne is to each man his flask.
I tell you with what force I keep the field,
And if you can exceed it speak; I'll yield.
The snow-white damask ensigns are display'd,
And glitt'ring salvers on the sideboard laid.

Thus we'll disperse all busy thoughts and cares,
 The gen'ral's counsels and the statesman's fears:
 Nor shall Sleep reign in that precedent night
 Whose joyful hours lead on the glorious light
 Sacred to British worth in Blenheim's fight. }
 The blessings of good fortune seem refus'd
 Unless sometimes with gen'rous freedom us'd.
 'Tis madness not frugality prepares
 A vast excess of wealth for squand'ring heirs.
 Must I of neither wine nor mirth partake
 Lest the censorious world should call me rake?
 Who unacquainted with the gen'rous wine
 E'er spoke bold truths or fram'd a great design?
 That makes us fancy ev'ry face has charms;
 That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;
 Sees care disburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
 The poor grown rich, and ev'ry wish enjoy'd.

This I'll perform, and promise you shall see
 A cleanliness from affectation free:
 No noise, no hurry, when the meat's set on,
 Or when the dish is chang'd the servants gone;
 For all things ready, nothing more to fetch;
 Whate'er you want is in the master's reach.
 Then for the company I'll see it chose;
 Their emblematick signal is the Rose.
 If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
 Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
 And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd,
 What can you hope for better from a crowd?
 But I shall not prescribe. Consult your case;
 Write back your men and number as you please;
 Try your back-stairs, and let the lobby wait:
 A stratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

LETTER V. TO MR. —

I Here send you what I promised, A Discourse of Cookery, after the method which Horace has taken in his Art of Poetry, which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an author to be imitated in the delivery of precepts for any art or science. He is indeed severe upon our sort of learning in some of his Satires; but even there he instructs, as in the fourth satire of the second book, ver. 13.

*Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
Ut succi melloris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
Ponere: namque marem exhibent callosa vitellum.*

Chuse eggs oblong; remember they 'll be found
Of sweeter taste and whiter than the round.
The firmness of that shell includes the male.

I am much of his opinion, and could only wish that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning eggs. One is, how incomparably better roasted eggs are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with eggs in the shell. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much easier they will sit upon your stomach. The worthy person who recommended it to me made many proselytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether unsuccessful.

I have in this Poem used a plain, easy, familiar, style, as most fit for precept: neither have I been too exact

an imitator of Horace, as he himself directs. I have not consulted any of his translators; neither Mr. Oldham, whose copiousness runs into paraphrase, nor Ben Johnson, who is admirable for his close following of the original, nor yet the Lord Roscommon, so excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very design and soul of that author. I considered that I went upon a new undertaking, and though I do not value myself upon it so much as Lucretius did, yet I dare say it is more innocent and inoffensive.

Sometimes when Horace's rules come too thick and sententious I have so far taken liberty as to pass over some of them; for I consider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the most patient disposition, as their underservants too often experience. I wish I might prevail with them to moderate their passions, which will be the greater conquest seeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidst the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his Art of Poetry, which is one of the most accurate pieces that he or any other author has written, there is a secret connexion in reality, though he doth not express it too plainly, and therefore this Imitation of it has many breaks in it. If such as shall condescend to read this Poem would at the same time consult Horace's original Latin, or some of the aforementioned translators, they would find at least this benefit, that they would recollect those excellent instructions which he delivers to us in such elegant language.

I could wish the Master and Wardens of the Cooks' Company would order this Poem to be read with due consideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, seeing it contains many useful instructions for human life. It is true that some of these rules may seem more principally to respect the steward, clerk of the kitchen, caterer, or perhaps the butler; but the Cook being the principal person, without whom all the rest will be little regarded, they are directed to him; and the work being designed for the universal good, it will accomplish some part of its intent if those sort of people will improve by it.

It may happen in this as in all works of art, that there may be some terms not obvious to common readers; but they are not many. The reader may not have a just idea of a swoled mutton, which is a sheep roasted in its wool, to save the labour of fleaing. Bacon and filbert-tarts are something unusual; but since sprout-tarts and Pistachio-tarts are much the same thing, and to be seen in Dr. Salmon's Family Dictionary, those persons who have a desire for them may easily find the way to make them. As for grout it is an old Danish dish; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient family of Leigh to carry a dish of it up to the coronation. A dwarf-pie was prepared for King James I. when Jeffery his dwarf rose out of one armed with a sword and buckler, and is so recorded in history that there are few but know it. Though mari-

nated fish, hippocraes, and ambigues, are known to all that deal in Cookery, yet terrenes are not so usual, being a silver vessel filled with the most costly dainties, after the manner of an oglio. A surprise is likewise a dish not so very common, which, promising little from its first appearance, when open abounds with all sorts of variety, which I cannot better resemble than to the fifth act of one of our modern comedies. Lest Monteth, Vinegar, Taliessin, and Bossu, should be taken for dishes of rarities, it may be known that Monteth was a gentleman with a scalloped coat; that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; Taliessin was one of the most ancient bards amongst the Britons; and Bossu one of the most certain instructors in criticism that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the wits that I call my Cooks by the title of Ingenious; for I cannot imagine why Cooks may not be as well read as any other persons: I am sure their apprentices of late years have had very good opportunities of improvement; and men of the first pretences to literature have been very liberal, and sent in their contributions very largely. They have been very serviceable both to spit and oven; and for these twelve months past whilst Dr. Wotton with his Modern Learning was defending pie crust from scorching, his dear friend Dr. Bentley with his Phalaris has been singeing of capons. Not that this was occasioned by any superfluity

or tediousness of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by some worthy patriots, to make the labours of the two Doctors as far as possible to become useful to the publick.

Indeed Cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the highest stations of human life. The great philosopher Pythagoras, in his Golden Verses, shews himself to be extremely nice in eating when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abstain from beans. The noblest foundations of honour, justice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in turnips, as appears in that great Dictator Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army, and having brought home victory retired to his cottage: for when the Samnite ambassadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dressing turnips for his repast, they immediately returned with this sentence, "That it was impossible
"to prevail upon him that could be contented with
"such a supper." In short, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made use of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemagne that the Great Cook of the palace was one of the prime ministers of state, and conductor of armies. So true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal skill
"required to bring an army into the field and to set

“ forth a magnificent entertainment, since the one was
“ as far as possible to annoy your enemy, and the other
“ to pleasure your friend.” In short, as for all persons
that have not a due regard for the learned, industrious,
moral, upright, and warlike, profession of Cookery;
may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ven-
tura, one of the Canary Islands, where they being so
barbarous as to make the most contemptible person to
be their butcher, they had likewise their meat served
up raw, because they had no fire to dress it; and I take
this to be a condition bad enough of all conscience!

As this small Essay finds acceptance I shall be en-
couraged to pursue a great design I have in hand of
publishing a *Bibliotheca Culinaria*, or The Cook's Com-
plete Library, which shall begin with a translation,
or at least an epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all
things belonging to a Grecian feast. He shall be pub-
lished with all his comments, useful glosses, and in-
dexes, of a vast copiousness, with cuts of the basting-
ladles, dripping pans, and drudging boxes, &c. lately
dug up at Rome out of an old subterranean skul-
lery. I design to have all authors in all languages up-
on that subject, therefore pray consult what oriental
manuscripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his
Notes upon Lockman's Fables, (whom I take to be the
same person with Æsop) gives us an admirable re-
ceipt for making the sour milk, that is, the bonny-
clabber, of the Arabians. I should be glad to know

how Mahomet used to have his shoulder of mutton dressed : I have heard he was a great lover of that joint ; and that a maid of an inn poisoned him with one, saying, " If he is a prophet he will discover it ; if " he is an impostor no matter what becomes of him." I shall have occasion for the assistance of all my friends in this great work. I some posts ago desired a friend to enquire what manuscripts Sol Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He says he finds among his executors several admirable bills of fare for Aristotle suppers, and entertainments of country strangers, with certain prices, according to their several seasons. He says some pages have large black crosses drawn over them, but for the greater part the books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to search Cook's Hall what manuscripts they may have in their archives. See what in Guildhall ; what account of custard in the Swordbearer's office ; how many tun he, a common crier, or a common hunt, may eat in their lifetime. But I transgress the bounds of a letter, and have strayed from my subject, which should have been to beg you to read the following lines when you are inclined to be most favourable to your friend, for else they will never be able to endure your just censure. I rely upon your good nature, and I am

Your most obliged, &c.

LETTER VI. TO MR. —.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the discourse I had with you the other day, and upon serious consideration find that the true understanding of the whole Art of Cookery will be useful to all persons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and especially to poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but it is rather the fault of their masters, that poets are not so well acquainted with good eating as otherwise they might be if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's presence this I would be bound to say, that a good dinner is brother to a good poem; only it is something more substantial, and between two and three o'clock more agreeable.

I have known a supper make the most diverting part of a comedy. Mr Betterton in *The Libertine* * has sat very gravely with the leg of a chicken; but I have seen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of pease and buttered eggs under the table. The Host in *The Villain* †, who carries tables, stools, furniture, and provisions, all about him, gives great content to the spectators when from the crown of his hat he produces his cold capon: so *Armarillis* (or rather *Par-*

* A tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.

† A tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

thenope, as I take it) in *The Rehearsal*, with her wine in her spear and her pie in her helmet, and the Cook that flobbers his beard with sackposset in *The Man's* The Master ‡, have in my opinion made the most diverting part of the action. These embellishments we have received from our imitation of the ancient poets. Horace in his *Satires* makes *Mæcenas* very merry with the recollection of the unusual entertainments and dishes given him by *Nasidienus*, and with his raillery upon garlick in his third epode. The supper of *Petronius*, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the most lively description of *Nero's* luxury. *Juvenal* spends a whole satire about the price and dressing of a single fish, with the judgment of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus whether serious or jocular good eating is made the subject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all poets agree that episodes are to be interwoven in their poems with the greatest nicety of art; and so it is the same thing at a good table: and yet I have seen a very good episode (give me leave to call it so) made by sending out the leg of a goose or the gizzard of a turkey to be broiled; though I know that criticks with a good stomach have been offended that the unity of action should be so far broken. And yet as in our plays so at our common tables many episodes are allowed, as slicing of cucumbers, dressing of

‡ A comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

fallads, seasoning the inside of a sirloin of beef, breaking lobsters' claws, stewing wild ducks, toasting of cheese, legs of larks, and several others.

A poet who by proper expressions and pleasing images is to lead us into the knowledge of necessary truth may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarously, unless he has some knowledge of this Art of Cookery, and the progress of it. Would it not sound ridiculous to hear Alexander The Great command his cannon to be mounted, and to throw redhot bullets out of his mortarpieces? or to have Statira talk of tapestry hangings, which all the learned know were many years after her death first hung up in the hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falstaff complain of having dirtied his silk stockings, or Anne of Boleyn call for her coach, would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the first that had her coach or wore silk stockings? Neither can a poet put hops in an Englishman's drink before heresy came in; nor can he serve him with a dish of carp before that time: he might as well give King James I. a dish of asparagus upon his first coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor present Queen Catharine with a sugarloaf; whereas he might as easily have given her a diamond as large, seeing the iceing of cakes at Wood street corner, and the refining of sugar, was but an inven-

tion of two hundred years standing; and before that time our ancestors sweetened and garnished all with honey, of which there are some remains in Windsor bowls, baron bracks, and large simnels, sent for presents from Litchfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would shew his reading if the poet put a hen turkey upon a table in a tragedy, and therefore I would advise it in Hamlet instead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more satisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports how the sisters of Meleager or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into hen turkeys; from whence proceeds their stateliness of gate, reservedness in conversation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice and all their actions. But this would be the most improper meat in the world for a comedy; for melancholy and distress require a different sort of diet as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady that was pleased to say, "that if she were upon a strange road, and driven to great necessity, she believed she might for once be able to sup upon a sackposset and a fat capon."

I am sure poets as well as Cooks are for having all words nicely chosen and properly adapted; and therefore I believe they would shew the same regret that I do to hear persons of some rank and quality say, "Pray cut up that goose; help me to some of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover:" not

considering how indiscreetly they talk before men of art, whose proper terms are, "Break that goose;"—"frust that chicken;"—"spoil that hen;"—"saUCE that capon;"—"mince that plover."—If they are so much out in common things, how much more will they be with bitterns, herons, cranes, and peacocks? But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world unless we lend our helping hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greatest author of dramatick poetry, Mr Dryden, has made use of the mysteries of this art in the prologues to two of his plays, one a tragedy, the other a comedy, in which he has shewn his greatest art, and proved most successful. I had not seen the play for some years before I hit upon almost the same words that he has in the following prologue to *All for Love*:

- "Fops may have leave to level all they can,
- "As Pigmies would be glad to top a man.
- "Half-wits are fleas, so little and so light,
- "We scarce could know they live but that they bite.
- "But as the rich, when tir'd with dally feasts,
- "For change become their next poor tenant's guests,
- "Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
- "And snatch the homely rather from the coals;
- "So you, retiring from much better cheer,
- "For once may venture to do penance here:
- "And since that plenteous autumn now is past,
- "Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taste,
- "Take in good part from our poor poet's board
- "Such thrive'll'd fruit as winter can afford."

How fops and fleas should come together I cannot easily account for; but I doubt not but his ale, rasher, grapes, peaches, and shrivelled apples, might pit, box, and gallery it well enough. His prologue to Sir Martin Marall is such an exquisite poem, taken from the same art, that I could wish it translated into Latin to be prefixed to Dr. Lister's work. The whole is as follows:

PROLOGUE.

- "Fools which each man meets in his dish each day,
- "Are yet the great regalia of a play;
- "In which to poets you but just appear,
- "To prize that highest which cost them so dear.
- "Fops in the Town more easily will pass;
- "One story makes a statutable ass:
- "But such in plays must be much thicker sown
- "Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
- "Observing poets all their walks invade,
- "As men watch woodcocks gliding thro' a glade,
- "And when they have enough for comedy
- "They stow their several bodies in a pie:
- "The poet's but the Cook to fashion it;
- "For, Gallants! you yourselves have found the wit.
- "To bid you welcome would your bounty wrong:
- "None welcome those who bring their cheer † along."

The image (which is the great perfection of a poet) is so extremely lively and well painted, that methinks I see the whole audience with a dish of buttered eggs in one hand and a woodcock pie in the other. I hope I may be excused after so great an example, for I declare I have no design but to encourage learn-

† Some criticks read it *chair*.

ing, and am very far from any designs against it: and therefore I hope the worthy gentleman who said that the Journey to London ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a book that if received would discourage ingenuity, would be pleased not to make his bonfire at the upper end of Ludgate street, for fear of endangering the bookfellers' shops and the cathedral.

I have abundance more to say upon these subjects; but I am afraid my first course is so tedious that you will excuse me both the second course and the dessert, and call for pipes and a candle. But consider the papers come from an old friend, and spare them out of compassion to, Sir, &c.

LETTER VII. TO MR.

SIR,

I Am no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappiness in the loss of you here. The occasion of this is to desire your assistance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of some friends; but unless they help me it will be impossible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune to write; but what is worse, I have never considered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been so

very bad as to design to print; but then a wicked thought came across me with "Who will buy?" for if I tell you the title you will be of my mind, that the very name will destroy it; "The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry; with some familiar Letters to Dr. Lister and others, occasioned principally by the Title of a Book published by the Doctor concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients." To this a beau will cry "Phough! what have I to do with kitchenstuff?" To which I answer, "Buy it, and give it to your servants:" for I hope to live to see the day when every mistress of a family, and every steward, shall call up their children and servants with "Come, Miss Betty, how much have you got of your Art of Cookery? Where did you leave off, Miss Isabel?"—"Miss Kitty, are you no farther than King Henry and the Miller?"—"Yes, Madam, I am come to

——His name shall be enroll'd

In Estcourt's book, whose gridiron's fram'd of gold.

"Pray, mother, is that our Master Estcourt?" "Well, child, if you mind this you shall not be put to your Assembly Catechism next Saturday." What a glorious sight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to see the butler outlearning the steward, and the painful scullerymaid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping housekeeper! I am told that if a book is any thing useful the printers have a way of

pirating on one another, and printing other persons' copies, which is very barbarous; and then shall I be forced to come out with "The true Art of Cookery" is only to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a Pattenmaker's "under St. Dunstan's-church, with the Author's Seal" at the Titlepage, being Three Saucepans in a Bend "Proper, on a Cook's Apron, Argent. Beware of "Counterfeits." And be forced to put out advertisements with "Straps for razors, and the best spectacles," are to be had only at the Archimedes, &c."

I design propofals, which I must get delivered to the Cooks' Company, for the making an order that every apprentice shall have The Art of Cookery when he is bound, which he shall say by heart before he is made free; and then he shall have Dr. Lister's book of Soups and Sauces delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindness you may shew me I shall always endeavour to make what returns lie in my power. I am your's, &c.

LETTER VIII. TO MR. —

DEAR SIR,

I Cannot but recommend to your perusal a late exquisite comedy called The Lawyer's Fortune, or Love in a Hollow Tree, which piece has its peculiar embellishments, and is a poem carefully framed ac-

according to the nicest rules of *The Art of Cookery*; for the play opens with a scene of good housewifery, where Favourite the housekeeper makes this complaint to Lady Bonona :

“ FAV. The last mutton killed was lean, Madam.

“ Should not some fat sheep be bought in ?

“ BON. What say you, Letacre, to it ?

“ LET. This is the worst time of the year for sheep :
 “ the fresh grass makes them fall away, and they
 “ begin to taste of the wool : they must be spared a
 “ while, and Favourite must cast to spend some salt-
 “ meat and fish. I hope we shall have some fat calves
 “ shortly.”

What can be more agreeable than this to *The Art of Cookery*, where our Author says,

But tho' my edge be not too nicely set,
 Yet I another's appetite may whet;
 May teach him when to buy; when season past
 What's stale, what's choice, what's plentiful, what's }
 And lead him thro' the various maze of taste. [waite,

In the second act Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's son, the consummate character of the play, having in the first act lost his hawk, and consequently his way, benighted and lost, and seeing a light in a distant house, comes to the thrifty widow Furiosa's, (which is exactly according to the rule, “ A Prince who in a fo-
 “ rest rides astray !”) where he finds the old gentle-

woman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment, whilst the maid is spinning. Peg reaches a chair; sack is called for; and in the meantime the good old gentlewoman complains so of rogues that she can scarce keep a goose or turkey in safety for them. Then Florida enters with a little white bottle about a pint, and an oldfashioned glass, fills, and gives her mother; she drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, she to him again, he to Furiosa, who sets it down on the table. After a small time the old lady cries, "Well, it is my bedtime; but my daughter will shew you the way to your's, for I know you would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now upon her retirement, (see the great judgment of the poet!) she being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he suits the following regale according to the age of the person. Had boys been put to bed it had been proper to have "laid the goose to the fire;" but here it is otherwise; for after some intermediate discourse he is invited to a repast, when he modestly excuses himself with "Truly, Madam, I have no stomach to any meat but to comply with you. You have, Madam, entertained me with all that is desirable already." The lady tells him "Cold supper is better than none;" so he sits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot. I am sure Horace could not have prepared himself more exactly; for (according to the rule, "A widow has cold pie") though Va-

Valentine being lovesick could not eat, yet it was his fault and not the poet's. But when Valentine is to return the civility, And to invite Madam Furiosa and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his mother, the hospitable Lady Bonona's, (who by the by had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her attorney) then affluence and dainties are to appear, (according to this verse "Mangoes, potargo, champagne, pignons, caveare,") and Mrs. Favourite the house-keeper makes these most important enquires.

"FAV. Mistress, shall I put any mushrooms, mangoes, or bamboons, into the sallad ?

"BON. Yes, I pr'ythee, the best thou hast.

"FAV. Shall I use catsup or anchovies in the gravy ?

"BON. What you will."

But however magnificent the dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of some persons is, makes her excuse for it with "Well, Gentlemen, can ye spare a little time to take a short dinner ? I promise you it shall not be long." It is very probable, though the author does not make any of the guests give a relation of it, that Valentine, being a great sportsman, might furnish the table with game and wildfowl. There was at least one pheasant in the house which Valentine told his mother of the morning before : "Madam, I had a good flight of a pheasant cock, that after my hawk seized made head as if he

"would have fought; but my hawk plumed him
"presently." Now it is not reasonable to suppose
that Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentle-
woman under that concern would have any stomach
to it for her own supper. However, to see the fate
of things! there is nothing permanent: for one Mrs.
Candia making (though innocently) a present of an
hawk to Valentine, Florida his mistress grows jealous,
and resolves to leave him, and run away with an odd
sort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine to appease
her sends a message to her by a boy, who tells her
"His master, to shew the trouble he took by her mis-
"apprehension, had sent her some visible tokens, the
"hawk torn to pieces with his own hands;" and then
pulls out of the basket the wings and legs of a fowl:
so we see the poor bird demolished, and all hopes of
wildfowl destroyed for the future: and happy were
it if misfortunes would stop here! But the cruel beauty
refusing to be appeased, Valentine takes a sudden
resolution, which he communicates to Letacre the
steward, to brush off and quit his habitation. However
it was, whether Letacre did not think his young ma-
ster real, and Valentine having threatened the house-
keeper to kick her immediately before for being too
fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced
in travelling, it seems they made but slender provisi-
on for their expedition; for there is but one scene in-
terposed before we find distressed Valentine in the

most miserable condition that the joint arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to represent him. There is a scene of the greatest horror, and most moving to compassion, of any thing that I have seen amongst the Moderns: "Talks of no pyramids of fowl or bisks " of fish" is nothing to it: for here we see an innocent person, unless punished for his mother's and housekeeper's extravagance, as was said before, in their mushrooms, mangoes, bamboons, catsup, and anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his cheese without bread, and having no other drink but water. For he and his boy, with two saddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confused trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk across the desert at a distance, and yet they venture in; where Valentine accosts his boy with these lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble:

Hang up thy wallet on that tree,
And creep thou in this hollow place with me: [be. }
Let's here repose our weary'd limbs till they more weary'd }

BOY. There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece of cheese. What shall we do for bread?

VAL. When we have slept we will seek out
Some roots that shall supply that doubt.

BOY. But no drink, Master?

VAL. Under that rock a spring I see
Which shall refresh my thirst and thee.

So the act closes; and it is dismal for the audience to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who it

seems had a coming stomach, should continue there all the time the musick was playing and longer. But to ease them of their pain, by an invention which the poets call Catastrophe, Valentine, though with a long beard, and very weak with fasting, is reconciled to Florida, who embracing him says, "I doubt I have "offended him too much; but I will attend him "home, cherish him with cordials, make him broths," (poor good-natured creature! I wish she had Dr. Lister's book to help her!) "anoint his limbs, and "be a nurse, a tender nurse! to him." Nor do blessings come alone; for the good mother having refreshed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the house, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, "to get the best entertainment she ever yet provided, to consider what she has and what she wants, "and to get all ready in few hours:" and so this most regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the comedy. Some persons may admire your meagre tragedies; but give me a play where there is a prospect of good meat or good wine stirring in every act of it.

Though I am confident the author had written this play and printed it long before *The Art of Cookery* was thought of, and I had never read it till the other poem was very nearly perfected, yet it is admirable to see how a true rule will be adapted to a good work,

or a good work to a true rule. I should be heartily glad, for the sake of the publick, if our poets for the future would make use of so good an example. I doubt not but whenever you or I write comedy we shall observe it.

I have just now met with a surprising happiness; a friend that has seen two of Dr. Lister's works, one *De Buccinis Fluvialibus et Marinis Exercitatio*, An Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fish, in which he says some of the chiefest rarities are the pizzle and spermatick vessels of a snail delineated by a microscope, the omentum or caul of its throat, its fallopian tube, and its subcrocean testicle, which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, Fernelius, and Hervey, were never masters of; the other curiosity is the admirable piece of Cælius Apicius *De Opsoniis et Condimentis*, sive *Arte Coquinaria*, *Libri decem*, being ten books of Soups and Sauces, and The Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this so important affair is not sufficiently communicative. My friend says he has a promise of leave to read it: what remarks he makes I shall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Most humble servant, &c.

LETTER IX. TO MR.

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happiness to you, because you are so much my friend as to rejoice at it. I some days ago met with an old acquaintance, a curious person, of whom I enquired if he had seen the book concerning Soups and Sauces? He told me he had, but that he had but a very slight view of it, the person who was master of it not being willing to part with so valuable a rarity out of his closet. I desired him to give me what account he could of it. He says that it is a very handsome octavo, for ever since the days of Ogilby good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a book become ingenious, and brighten up an author strangely; that there is a copious index, and at the end a catalogue of all the Doctor's works concerning cockles, English beetles, snails, spiders that get up into the air and throw us down cobwebs, a monster vomited up by a baker, and such like, which if carefully perused would wonderfully improve us. There is it seems no manuscript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; so that this impression is from one of Humelbergius, who as my friend says he does not believe contrived it himself, because the things are so very much out of the way

that it is not probable any learned man would set himself seriously to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the editor, "That
" whatever manuscripts there might have been they
" must have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as
" being written out by the Cooks themselves, or some
" of their friends or servants, who are not always the
" most accurate." And then as my friend observed, if the Cook had used it much it might be sullied, the Cook perhaps not always licking his fingers when he had occasion for it. I should think it no improvident matter for the state to order a select scrivener to transcribe receipts, lest ignorant women and housekeepers should impose upon future ages by ill-spelt and uncorrect receipts for potting of lobsters or pickling of turkeys. Caelius Apicius it seems passes for the author of this treatise, whose science, learning, and discipline, were extremely contemned, and almost abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and so lay neglected till the inferiour ages, but then were introduced as being a help to physick, to which a learned author, called Donatus, says that "the kitchen
" is a handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every respect come up to the Ancients, that by a very good author an old gentleman is introduced as making use of three doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman. They are reported to be

excellent physicians, and if kept at a constant pension their fees will not be very costly.

It seems, as my friend has learnt, there were two persons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny "to have had a great deal of wit and judgment in all affairs that related to eating," and consequently has his name affixed to many sorts of amulets and pancakes. Nor were emperours less contributors to so great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whose imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the last of which emperours had the peculiar glory of first making sausages of shrimps, crabs, oysters, prawns, and lobsters; and these sausages being mentioned by the author which the editor publishes, from that and many other arguments the learned Doctor irrefragably maintains that the book, as now printed, could not be transcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the titles of Apicius and Vitellius more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, austere, and solid virtue. And it seems under his administration a person that found out a new soup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new continent. My friend says the editor tells us of unheard-of dainties! how "Æsopus had a supper "of the tongues of birds that could speak;" and that

“his daughter regaled on pearls,” though he does not tell us how she dressed them; how “Hortensius left ten thousand pipes of wine in his cellar for his heir’s drinking;” how “Vedius Pollio fed his fishponds with man’s flesh;” and how “Cæsar bought six thousand weight of lampreys for his triumphal supper.” He says the editor proves equally to a demonstration, by the proportions and quantities set down, and the nauseousness of the ingredients, that the dinners of the emperours were ordered by their physicians, and that the recipe was taken by the Cook, as the collegiate Doctors would do their bills, to a modern apothecary; and that this custom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals overran the Western Empire; and that they, by use, exercise, and necessity of abstinence, introduced the eating of cheese and venison without those additional sauces which the physicians of old found out to restore the depraved appetites of such great men as had lost their stomachs by an excess of luxury. Out of the ruins of Erasistratus’s book of Endive, Glaucus Lorrensis of Cowheel, Mithæcus of Hotpots, Dionysius of Sugarlops, Agis of Pickled Broombuds, Epinetus of Sackposset, Euthedemus of Appledumplings, Hegesippus of Blackpudding, Crito of Soweed Mackarel, Stephanus of Lemon Cream, Archites of Hog’s-harshet, Acellius of Quince-marmalade, Hickesius of Potted Pigeons,

Diocles of Sweetbreads, and Philistion of Oat-cakes, and several other such authors, the great Humelbergius compos'd his Annotations upon Apicius, whose receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and lost, were preserved in the utmost parts of Transylvania for the peculiar palate of the ingenious editor. Latinus Latinus finds fault with several dishes of Apicius, and is pleas'd to say they are nauseous; but our editor defends that great person by shewing the difference of, our customs; how Plutarch says, "The Ancients used no
"pepper," whereas all or at least five or six hundred of Apicius's delicacies were seasoned with it: for we may as well admire that some West Indians should abstain from salt, as that we should be able to bear the bitterness of hops in our common drink; and therefore we should not be averse to rue, cummin, parsley-seed, marsh-mallows, or nettles, with our common meat; or to have pepper, honey, salt, vinegar, raisins, mustard and oil, rue, mastick, and cardamums; strown promiscuously over our dinner when it comes to table. My friend tells me of some short observations he made out of the Annotations which he owes to his memory, and therefore begs pardon if in some things he may mistake, because it is not wilfully: "as
"that Papirius Petrus was the great patron of custard;
"that the tetrapharmacon, a dish much admired by
"the Emperours Adrian and Alexander Severus, was

“made of pheasant, peacock, a wild sow’s hock and
“udder, with a bread pudding over it; and that the
“name and reason of so odd a dish are to be sought
“for amongst the physicians.”

The work is divided into ten books, of which the first treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongst other things shews that saucereans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian used a glass of bitter in a morning; that the Ancients scalded their wine; and that burnt claret, as now practised with spice and sugar, is pernicious; that the adulteration of wine was as ancient as Cato; that brawn was a Roman dish, which Apicius commends as wonderful; its sauce then was mustard and honey before the frequent use of sugar; nor were soured hogs-feet, cheeks, and ears, unknown to those ages; it is very probable they were not so superstitious as to have so great a delicate only at Christmas; it were worth a dissertation between two learned persons, so it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæsar introduced it into Britain; and it is strange he should take no notice of it, whereas he has recorded that they did not eat hare’s flesh; that the Ancients used to marinate their fish, by frying them in oil, and the moment they were taken out pouring boiling vinegar upon them. The learned annotator observes, that the best way of keeping the liquor in oysters is by laying the deep shell

downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed oysters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, since made use of at Colchester with most admirable success! What estates might Brawn or Locket have got in those days! when Apicius only for boiling sprouts after a new fashion deservedly came into the good graces of Drusus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The first book having treated of Sauces or standing Pickles for relish, which are used in most of the succeeding receipts, the second has a glorious subject, of Sauages both with skins and without, which contains matters no less remarkable than the former. The Ancients that were delicate in their eating prepared their own mushrooms with an amber or at least a silver knife; where the annotator shews elegantly against Hardouinus, that the whole knife, and not only the handle, was of amber or silver, lest the rustiness of an ordinary knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are outdone by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The third book is of such Edibles as are produced in Gardens. The Romans used nitre to make their herbs look green; the annotator shews our saltpetre at present to differ from the ancient nitre. Apicius had a way of mincing them first with oil and salt, and so

boiling them, which Pliny commends : but the present receipt is to let the water boil well, throw in salt and a bit of butter, and so not only sprouts but spinage will be green. There is a most extraordinary observation of the editor's to which I cannot but agree, that it is a vulgar error that walnuttrees, like Russian wives, thrive the better for being beaten ; and that long poles and stones are used by boys and others to get the fruit down, the walnuttree being so very high they could not otherwise reach it, rather out of kindness to themselves than any regard to the tree that bears it. As for asparagus, there is an excellent remark that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a pound ; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a hundred of them weighed thirty ; that cucumbers are apt to rise in the stomach, unless pared, or boiled with oil, vinegar, and honey ; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any disturbance, because it was a rule for them to have always boiled cabbage for their first dish at supper ; that the best way to roast onions is in colewort leaves, for fear of burning them ; that beets are good for smiths, because they, working at the fire, are generally colic ; that Petronius has recorded a little old woman who sold the *agreste olus* of the Ancients ; which honour I take to be as much due to those who in our

days cry nettletops, elderbuds, and cliver, in spring-time very wholesome.

The fourth book contains the universal Art of Cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus composed the Pandects of Physick, and Justinian those of Law, so Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art in this book which bears that inscription. The first chapter contains the admirable receipt of a salacacaby of Apicius. Bruise in a mortar parsley-seed, dried pennyroyal, dried mint, ginger, green coriander, raisins stoned, honey, vinegar, oil, and wine, put them into a cacabulum, three crusts of Pycentine bread, the flesh of a pullet, goat stones, vestine cheese, pine kernels, cucumbers, dried onions minced small; pour a soup over it, garnish it with snow, and send it up in the cacabulum. This cacabulum being an unusual vessel, my friend went to his Dictionary, where finding an odd interpretation of it, he was easily persuaded, from the whimsicalness of the composition, and the fantasticalness of snow for its garniture, that the properest vessel for a physician to prescribe to send to table upon that occasion might be a bedpan. There are some admirable remarks in the annotations to the second chapter concerning the Dialogue of Asellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between mushrooms, chats, or becaficoes, oysters, and redwings, a work that ought to be published; for the same annotator observes that this island is not destitute of redwings, though coming

to us only in the hardest weather, and therefore seldom brought fat to our tables; that the chats come to us in April and breed, and about autumn return to Africk; that experience shews us they may be kept in cages, fed with beef or wether mutton, figs, grapes, and minced filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of such as would preserve our British dishes; the first delighting in hodgepodge, gallimaufries, forced meats, jussels, and salmagundies; the latter in spare-ribs, sirloins, chines and barons; and thence our terms of art both as to dressing and carving become very different; for they lying upon a sort of couch, could not have carved those dishes which our ancestors when they sat upon forms used to do: but since the use of cushions and elbowchairs, and the editions of good books and authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them: for indeed hitherto we have been something to blame; and I believe few of us have seen a dish of capon-stones at table, (lamb-stones is acknowledged by the learned annotator that we have) for the art of making capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning off their spurs, which occasioning their sterility makes them capons in effect, though those parts thereby become more large and tender.

The fifth book is of Peaseporridge; under which are included, frumenty, watergruel, milkporridge, rice-milk, flummery, stirabout, and the like. The La-

tin or rather Greek name is *ausprior*; but my friend was pleased to entitle it *Pantagruel*; a name used by Rabelais, an eminent physician. There are some very remarkable things in it; as, the Emperour Julianus had seldom any thing but spoonmeat at supper; that the herb fenugreek, with pickles, oil, and wine, was a Roman dainty; upon which the annotator observes that it is not used in our kitchens for a certain ungrateful bitterness that it has; and that it is plainly a physical diet that will give a stool; and that mixed with oats it is the best purge for horses: an excellent invention for frugality that nothing might be lost! for what the lord did not eat he might send to his stable.

The sixth book treats of Wildfowl, how to dress offridges, (the biggest, grossest, and most difficult of digestion, of any bird) phenicoptors, parrots, &c.

The seventh book treats of things sumptuous and costly, and therefore chiefly concerning Hog-meat; in which the Romans came to that excess, that the laws forbid the usage of hogs-harlet, sweetbreads, cheeks, &c. at their publick suppers; and Cato, when Censor, sought to restrain the extravagant use of brawn by several of his orations. So much regard was had then to The Art of Cookery, that we see it took place in the thoughts of the wisest men, and bore a part in their most important councils. But alas! the degeneracy of our present age is such, that I believe few besides the annotator know the excellency

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of a virgin sow, especially of the black kind, brought from China, and how to make the most of her liver, lights, brains, and pettitoes, and to vary her into those fifty dishes which Pliny says were usually made of that delicious creature. Besides, Galen tells us more of its excellencies; "That fellow that eats bacon for two or three days before he is to box or wrestle shall be much stronger than if he should eat the best roast beef or bagpudding in the parish."

The eighth book treats of such dainties as four-footed beasts afford us; as, 1. The Wild Boar, which they used to boil with all its bristles on. 2. The Deer, dressed with broth made with pepper, wine, honey, oil, and stewed damsons, &c. 3. The Wild Sheep, of which there are "innumerable in the mountains of Yorkshire and Westmorland that will let nobody handle them;" but if they are caught they are to be sent up with an "elegant sauce, prescribed after a physical manner, in form of an electuary, made of pepper, rue, parsley-feed, juniper, thyme dried, mint, pennyroyal, honey, &c." with which any apothecary in that country can furnish you. 4. Beef with onion sauce, and commended by Celsus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, because the Greeks scarce knew how to make oxen, and powdering-tubs were in very few families; for physicians have been very peculiar in their diet in all ages; otherwise Galen would scarce have found out that young foxes were in season in autumn. 5. The Sucking Pig boiled in paper.

6. The Hare, the chief of the Roman dainties, its blood being the sweetest of any animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the Emperours and nobility had parks to fatten them in, yet in the time of Didianus Julianus if any one had sent him one, or a pig, he would make it last him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which must have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the most exquisite animal was reserved for the last chapter; and that was the Dormouse, a harmless creature, whose innocence might at least have defended it both from Cooks and physicians. But Apicius found out an odd sort of fate for those poor creatures; some to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into hogs-guts, and so boiled for sausages. In ancient times people made it their business to fatten them; Aristotle rightly observes that sleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that sleep was their only nourishment. But the annotator has cleared that point; he, good man! has tenderly observed one of them for many years, and finds that it does not sleep all the winter as falsely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repast then rolls itself up in a ball to sleep. This dormouse according to the author did not drink in three years time; but whether other dormice do so I cannot tell, because Bambousselbergius's treatise of Fattening Dormice is lost: though very costly they

became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd receipt for dressing them, and serving them up with poppies and honey, which must be a very soporiferous dainty, and as good as owl-pie to such as want a nap after dinner. The fondness of the Romans came to be so excessive towards them that, as Pliny says, "the Censorian laws
" and Marcus Scaurus in his consulship got them pro-
" hibited from publick entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their subjects in so reasonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewise that
" scales were brought to table in those ages to weigh
" curious fishes, birds, and dormice," to see whether they were at the standard of excellence and perfection, and sometimes I suppose to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The annotator takes hold of this occasion to shew "of how great use scales would
" be at the tables of our nobility," especially upon the bringing up of a dish of wildfowl; "for if twelve
" larks (says he) should weigh below twelve ounces,
" they would be very lean, and scarce tolerable; if
" twelve and down-weight they would be very well;
" but if thirteen they would be fat to perfection." We see upon how nice and exact a balance the happiness of eating depends!

I could scarce forbear smiling, not to say worse, at such exactness and such dainties, and told my friend that those scales would be of extraordinary use at Dunstable; and that if the annotator had not proscribed his dormouse I should upon the first occasion be glad to visit it; if I knew its visiting days and hours, so as not to disturb it.

My friend said there remained but two books more, one of Sea and the other of River Fish, in the account of which he would not be long, seeing his memory began to fail him almost as much as my patience:

'Tis true in a long work soft slumbers creep,
And gently sink the artist into sleep *;

especially when treating of dormice.

The ninth book is concerning Seafish, where amongst other learned annotations is recorded that famous voyage of Apicius, who having spent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were lobsters of a vast and unusual bigness in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on shipboard the same day, and having suffered much at sea came at last to the coast. But the fame of so great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the fishermen sailed out to meet him, and presented him with their fairest

* Art of Cookery, ver. 442.

lobsters. He asked if they had no larger? they answered, " Their sea produced nothing more excellent " than what they had brought." This honest freedom of theirs, with his disappointment, so disgusted him that he took pet, and bad the master return home again immediately; and so it seems Africa lost the breed of one monster more than it had before *. There are many receipts in the book to dress cramp-fish, that numb the hands of those that touch them; the cuttle-fish, whose blood is like ink; the pourcoun-trel, or many feet; the sea-urchin, or hedge-hog; with several others, whose sauces are agreeable to their natures. But to the comfort of us Moderns the Ancients often ate their oysters alive, and spread hard eggs minced over their sprats, as we do now over our salt fish. There is one thing very curious concerning herrings; it seems the Ancients were very fantastical in making one thing pass for another; so at Petronius's supper the Cook sent up a fat goose, fish, and wildfowl of all sorts to appearance, but still all were made out of the several parts of one single porker. The great Nicomedes King of Bithynia had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his Cook: the king was extremely affected with fresh

* Lord Lyttelton's nineteenth Dialogue of the Dead (perhaps the most humorous in that admirable collection) seems to have been entirely founded on the hints suggested by Dr. King.

herrings, (as indeed who is not?) but being far up in Asia from the seacoast, his whole wealth could not have purchased one; but his Cook contrived some sort of meat which, put into a frame, so resembled a herring that it was extremely satisfactory both to this prince's eyes and gusto. My friend told me that to the honour of the city of London he had seen a thing of this nature there, that is, a herring, or rather a salmagundi, with the head and tail so neatly laid that it surprised him. He says many of the species may be found at the Sugarloaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent relish to Burton ale, and not costing above sixpence; an inconsiderable price for so imperial a dainty!

The tenth book, as my friend tells me, is concerning Fish Sauces, which consist of variety of ingredients, amongst which is generally a kind of frumenty: but it is not to be forgotten by any person who would boil fish exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at present is said to be a Dutch receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It seems Seneca the philosopher, (a man from whose morose temper little good in The Art of Cookery could be expected) in his third book of Natural Questions, correcting the luxury of the times, says the Romans were come to that daintiness that they would not eat a fish unless upon the same day it was taken, that it might taste of

the sea, as they expressed it, and therefore had them brought by persons who rode post, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an usual expression for a Roman to say, "In other matters I may confide in you; but in a thing of this weight it is not consistent with my gravity and prudence. I will trust nothing but my own eyes. Bring the fish hither; let me see him breathe his last!" And when the poor fish was brought to table swimming and gasping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying mullet!" My friend says the annotator looks upon these "as jests made by the Stoicks, and spoken absurdly and beyond nature;" though the annotator at the same time tells us that it was a law at Athens that the fishermen should not wash their fish, but bring them as they came out of the sea. Happy were the Athenians in good laws, and the Romans in great examples! but I believe our Britons need wish their friends no longer life than till they see London served with live herring and gasping mackarel. It is true we are not quite so barbarous but that we throw our crabs alive into scalding water, and tie our lobsters to the spit to hear them squeak when they are roasted: our eels use the same peristaltick motion upon the gridiron, when their skin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our gudgeons, taking opportunity of jump-

ing after they are flowered, give occasion to the admirable remark of some persons' folly, when to avoid the danger of the fryingpan they leap into the fire. My friend said that the mention of eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the annotator; "That they who amongst the Sybarites would fish for eels or sell them should be free from all taxes."

I was glad to hear of the word Conclude, and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the Sybarites, of whom I shortly intend a history, shewing how they deservedly banished cocks for waking them in a morning, and smiths for being useful; how one cried out because one of the rose-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their horses to dance; and so their enemies coming against them with guitars and harpsicords set them so upon their round O's and minuets, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Gouldman, Lyttelton, and several other good authors, affirm. I told my friend I had much overstayed my hour; but if at any time he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice dishes to cover the table at once, which except they would think of any thing better should be a salacacaby, a dish of fenugreek, a wild sheep's head and appurtenance, with a suitable

electuary, a ragout of capons'-stones, and some dormice sausages.

If, as friends do with one another at a venison-pasty, you should send for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is your's, as being entirely your, &c.

THE ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

*Occasioned principally by the Title of a Book published by the Doctor, being the Works of Apicius Caelius concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients; with an Extract of the greatest Curiosities contained in that Book.**

Humbly inscribed

TO THE HON. BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

First printed in 1708.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS Lister! were a picture drawn
With Cyrrhia's face but with a neck like Brawn,
With wings of turkey and with feet of calf,
Tho' drawn by Kneller it would make you laugh.
Such is, good Sir! the figure of a feast 5
By some rich farmer's wife and sister drest,

* Of Dr. Lister's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was reprinted at Amsterdam in 1709 by Theod. Janf. Almeloveen, under the title of *Apicii Cælii de Opsonis et Condimentis, sive Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. Cum Annotationibus Martini Lister, e Medicis Domesticis Serenissimæ Majestatis Reginæ Annæ, et Notis selectioribus, variisque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, Reinesii, A Van Der Linden, et aliorum, ut et variarum Lectionum Libello. Editio Secunda.* Dr. Askew had a copy of each edition.

Volume I.

H

Which were it not for plenty and for steam
 Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
 Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
 That syllabubs come first and soups the last. 10
 Not but that Cooks and poets still were free
 To use their pow'r in nice variety;
 Hence mack'rel seem delightful to the eyes
 Tho' dress'd with incoherent gooseberries:
 Crabs, salmon, lobsters, are with fennel spread, 15
 Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead:
 Yet no man lards salt pork with orangepeel,
 Or garnishes his lamb with spitchcock'd eel.

A Cook perhaps has mighty things profess,
 Then sent up but two dishes nicely dress: 20
 What signify Scotch-collops to a feast?
 Or you can make whipp'd cream; pray what relief
 Will that be to a sailor who wants beef,
 Who lately shipwreck'd never can have ease
 Till reestablish'd in his pork and pease? 25
 When once begun, let industry ne'er cease
 Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
 At your dessert bright pewter comes too late
 When your first course was all serv'd up in plate.

Most knowing Sir! the greatest part of Cooks 30
 Searching for truth are cozen'd by its looks.
 One would have all things little, hence has try'd
 Turkey-poults fresh from the egg in butter fry'd:
 Others to shew the largeness of their soul
 Prepare you muttons swol'd and oxen whole. 35

To vary the same things some think is art:
 By larding of hogs-feet, and bacon-tart,
 The taste is now to that perfection brought
 That care when wanting skill creates the fault.

In Covent Garden did a tailor dwell 40
 Who might deserve a place in his own hell:
 Give him a single coat to make he 'd do 't;
 A vest or breeches singly; but the brute }
 Could ne'er contrive all three to make a suit }
 Rather than frame a supper like such clothes 45
 I'd have fine eyes and teeth without my nose.

You that from pliant paste would fabricks raise,
 Expecting thence to gain immortal praise,
 Your knuckles try, and let your sinews know
 Their pow'r to knead and give the form to dough:
 Chuse your materials right, your seas'ning fix, 50
 And with your fruit resplendent sugar mix;
 From thence of course the figure will arise,
 And elegance adorn the surface of your pies.

Beauty from order springs: the judging eye 55
 Will tell you if one single plate is awry:
 The Cook must still regard the present time;
 T' omit what 's just in season is a crime:
 Your infant please t' asparagus prefer,
 Which to the supper you may best defer. 60

Be cautious how you change old bills of fare;
 Such alterations should at least be rare;
 Yet credit to the artist will accrue
 Who in known things still makes th' appearance new.

Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffick known, 63
 And now by constant use familiar grown.
 What lord of old would bid his Cook prepare
 Mangoes, potargo, champignons, caveare?
 Or would our thrum-capp'd ancestors find fault
 For want of sugartongs or spoons for salt? 70
 New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
 Has by one vessel sav'd his name from death.
 The seasons change us all. By autumn's frost
 The shady leaves of trees and fruit are lost;
 But then the spring breaks forth with fresh supplies,
 And from the teeming earth new buds arise. 76
 So stubble-geese at Michaelmas are seen
 Upon the spit; next May produces green.
 The fate of things lies always in the dark;
 What Cavalier would know St. James's Park *? 80
 For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,
 And wild ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing:

* In the time of King Henry VIII. the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, enclosed it, laid it out in walks, and collecting the waters together gave to the new-enclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James's. It was much enlarged by Charles II. who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of limetrees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal with a decoy and other ponds for waterfowl. The limetrees or tilla, whose blossoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in consequence of a suggestion of Mr. Evelyn in his *Fumifugium*, published in 1661.—The improvements lately made seem in some measure to have brought it into the state it was in before the Restoration; at least the wild ducks have in their turn given way to the grasshoppers.

A princely palace on that space does rise
 Where Sedley's noble Muse found mulberries*.
 Since places alter thus, what constant thought
 Of filling various dishes can be taught?
 For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
 Who 'd fix those things where fashion is a rule.

King Hardicnute midst Danes and Saxons stout
 Carous'd on nutbrown ale and din'd on grout,
 Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
 And when each prince is crown'd in splendour reigns.

By Northern custom duty was express'd
 To friends departed by their fun'ral feast.
 Tho' I've consulted Holinshed and Stow
 I find it very difficult to know
 Who, to refresh th' attendants to a grave
 Burnt claret first or Naples-biscuit gave.

Trotter from quince and apples first did frame
 A pie which still retains his proper name:
 Tho' common grown, yet with white sugar strow'd,
 And butter'd right, its goodness is allow'd.

As wealth flow'd in, and plenty sprang from peace,
 Good humour reign'd, and pleasures found increase.
 'Twas usual then the banquet to prolong
 By musick's charm and some delightful song,
 Where ev'ry youth in pleasing accents strove
 To tell the stratagems and cares of love;

* A comedy called The Mulberry Garden.

How some successful were, how others crost;
 Then to the sparkling glass would give his toast, 110
 Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,
 To relish both the musick and the wine,

Why am I styl'd a Cook if I'm so loth
 To marinate my fish or season broth,
 Or send up what I roast with pleasing froth, 115
 If I my master's gusto won't discern,
 But thro' my bashful folly scorn to learn?

When among friends good humour takes its birth
 'Tis not a tedious feast prolongs the mirth;
 But it's not reason therefore you should spare 120
 When as their future Burgesses you prepare
 For a fat corporation and their mayor.

All things should find their room in proper place,
 And what adorns this treat would that disgrace.
 Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake, 125
 And have excessive doings at their wake:
 Ev'n tailors at their yearly feasts look great,
 And all their cucumbers are turn'd to meat.

A prince who in a forest rides astray,
 And weary to some cottage finds the way, 130
 Talks of no pyramids of fowl or bisks of fish,
 But hungry sups his cream serv'd up in earthen dish;
 Quenches his thirst with ale in nutbrown bowls,
 And takes the hasty rasher from the coals,
 Pleas'd as King Henry with the Miller free, 135
 Who thought himself as good a man as he.

Unless some sweetness at the bottom lie
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pie?

If you would have me merry with your cheer
Be so yourself, or so at least appear. 140

The things we eat by various juice control
The narrowness or largeness of our soul.

Onions will make ev'n heirs or widows weep;

The tender lettuce brings on softer sleep;

Eat beef or piecrust if you'd serious be; 145

Your shellfish raises Venus from the sea :

For Nature that inclines to ill or good

Still nourishes our passions by our food.

Happy the man that has each fortune try'd,

To whom she much has given and much deny'd;

With abstinence all delicacies he sees, 151

And can regale himself with toast and cheese.

Your betters will despise you if they see

Things that are far surpassing your degree;

Therefore beyond your substance never treat: 155

'Tis plenty in small fortune to be neat.

'Tis certain that a steward can't afford

An entertainment equal with his lord.

Old age is frugal, gay youth will abound

With heat, and see the flowing cup go round. 160

A widow has cold pie; nurse gives you cake;

From gen'rous merchants ham or surgeon take :

The farmer has brown bread as fresh as day,

And butter fragrant as the dew of May:

Cornwall squabpie, and Devon whitepot brings,
And Lei'ster beans and bacon, food of kings! 166

At Christmas time be careful of your fame;
See the old tenants' table be the same;
Then if you would send up the brawner's head,
Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread; 170

His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,
Or midst those thund'ring spears an orange place;
Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,

The roguish mustard, dang'rous to the nose!

Sack and the well-spiced Hippocras the wine, 175

Waiffail the bowl with ancient ribands fine,

Porridge with plumbs, and turkeys with the chine. }

If you perhaps would try some dish unknown,

Which more peculiarly you 'd make your own,

Like ancient sailors still regard the coast; 180

By vent'ring out too far you may be lost.

By roasting that which your forefathers boil'd,

And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.

That Cook to British palates is complete

Whose fav'ry hand gives turns to common meat.

Tho' Cooks are often men of pregnant wit, 186

Thro' niceness of their subject few have writ.

In what an awkward sound that ballad ran

Which with this blust'ring paragraph began!

"There was a prince of Lubberland, 190

"A potentate of high command,

"Ten thousand bakers did attend him,

"Ten thousand brewers did besfriend him;

" These brought him kissing-crusts; and those

" Brought him small beer, before he rose." 195

The author raises mountains seeming full,

But all the cry produces little wool :

So if you sue a beggar for a house,

And have a verdict, what d' ye gain? a louse!

Homer, more modest, if we search his books,

Will shew us that his heroes all were Cooks;

How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins

To quarter out the ox and spit the loins.

Oh could that poet live! could he rehearse

Thy Journey, Lister! in immortal verse! 205

Muse! sing the man that did to Paris go

That he might taste their soups and mushrooms know!

Oh! how would Homer praise their dancing dogs;

Their stinking cheese and fricasee of frogs!

He'd raise no fables, sing no flagrant lie,

Of boys with custard chok'd at Newberry;

By their whole courses you'd entirely see

How all their parts from first to last agree.

If you all sorts of persons would engage

Suit well your eatables to every age, 215

The fav'rite child that just begins to prattle,

And throws away his silver bells and rattle,

Is very humourfome, and makes great clutter

Till he has windows on his bread and butter;

He for repeated supper-meat will cry,

But won't tell mammy what he'd have or why. 220

'The smoothfac'd youth, that has new guardians
 From playhouse steps to supper at The Rose, [chose, }
 Where he a main or two at random throws:
 Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice, 225
 His eating must be little, costly, nice.

Maturer Age, to this delight grown strange,
 Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
 Expecting there frugality and health,
 And honour, rising from a Sheriff's wealth: 230
 Unless he some insurance dinner lacks
 'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
 But then old age by still intruding years
 Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
 Morose, perverse in humour, diffident, 235
 The more he still abounds the less content;
 His larder and his kitchen too observes,
 And now lest he should want hereafter starves;
 Thinks scorn of all the present age can give,
 And none these threescore years knew how to live.
 But now the Cook must pass thro' all degrees, 241 }
 And by his art discordant tempers please,
 And minister to health and to disease.

Far from the parlour have your kitchen plac'd;
 Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd. 245
 In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe,
 And from your eels their slimy substance wipe.
 Let cruel offices be done by night;
 For they who like the thing abhor the sight.

Next let discretion moderate your cost, 250
 And when you treat three courses be the most.
 Let never fresh machines your pastry try
 Unless grandees or magistrates are by; }
 Then you may put a dwarf into a pie :
 Or if you 'd fright an alderman and mayor, 255
 Within a pasty lodge a living hare;
 'Then midst their gravest furs shall mirth arise,
 And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.

Crowd not your table; let your numbers be
 Not more than sev'n, and never less than three. 260

'Tis the dessert that graces all the feast,
 For an ill end disparages the rest :

A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
 Defaces obligation by that blot.

Make your transparent sweetmeats truly nice 265
 With Indian sugar and Arabian spice ;

And let your various creams encircled be
 With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree.

Let plates and dishes be from China brought,
 With lively paint and earth transparent wrought. 270

The feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
 And witty arguments with mirth pursu'd.

The cheerful master midst his jovial friends
 His glass " To their best wishes " recommends.

The grace-cup follows " To his sov'reign's health,"
 And to his country " Plenty, peace, and wealth : " 276

Performing then the piety of grace
 Each man that pleases reassumes his place ;

While at his gate from such abundant store
He show'rs his godlike blessings on the poor. 280

In days of old our fathers went to war
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
And in their basket-hilts their bev'rage brew'd.
Some officer perhaps might give consent 285
'To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every soldier got,
Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not, }
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.

But when our conquests were extensive grown, 290
And thro' the world our British worth was known,
Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champagne sparkled equal with their lace;
Quails, becaficoes, ortolans, were sent
To grace the levee of a gen'ral's tent; 295
In their gilt plate all delicates were seen,
And what was earth before became a rich terrene.

When the young players once get to Islington
They fondly think that all the world's their own:
'Prentices, parish-clerks, and Hectors, meet; 300
He that is drunk or bully'd pays the treat.
Their talk is loose; and o'er the bouncing ale
At constables and justices they rail;
Not thinking custard such a serious thing
That common councilmen 't will thither bring, 305
Where many a man at variance with his wife
With soft'ning mead and cheesecake ends the strife.

Ev'n squires come there, and with their mean discourse
 Render the kitchen which they sit in worse.
 Midwives demure, and chambermaids most gay, 310
 Foremen that pick the box and come to play,
 Here find their entertainment at the height,
 In cream and codlings rev'ling with delight:
 What these approve the great men will dislike;
 But here is the art, if you the palate strike, 315
 By management of common things so well
 That what was thought the meanest shall excel,
 While others strive in vain all persons own
 Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.

When straiten'd in your time, and servants few,
 You'll rightly then compose an ambigue, 321
 Where first and second course, and your dessert,
 All in one single table have their part.
 From such a vast confusion it is delight
 To find the jarring elements unite 325 }
 And raise a structure grateful to the sight.

Be not too far by old example led;
 With caution now we in their footsteps tread.
 The French our relish help, and well supply
 The want of things too gross by decency. 330
 Our fathers most admir'd their sauces sweet,
 And often ask'd for sugar with their meat;
 They butter'd currants on fat veal bestow'd,
 And rumps of beef with virgin-honey strow'd. 334

Infipid taste! old Friend, to them who Paris know,
 Where rocambole, shalot, and the rank garlick, grow.
 O Tom Bold did first begin the strolling mart,
 And drove about his turnips in a cart;
 Sometimes his wife the citizens would please,
 And from the same machine sell pecks of pease: 340
 Then pippins did in wheelbarrows abound,
 And oranges in whimsey boards went round.
 Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
 And therefore plac'd her cherries on a stall;
 Her currants there and gooseberries were spread, 345
 With the enticing gold of gingerbread:
 But flounders, sprats, and cucumbers, were cry'd,
 And ev'ry sound and ev'ry voice was try'd.
 At last the law this hideous din suppress'd,
 And order'd that the Sunday should have rest, 350
 And that no nymph her noisy food should sell
 Except it were new milk or mackarel.

(There is no dish but what our Cooks have made,
 And merited a charter by their trade: 354
 Not French-kickshaws or oglios brought from Spain
 Alone have found improvement from their brain;
 But pudding, brawn, and whitepots, own'd to be
 Th' effects of native ingenuity.

Our British fleet, which now commands the main,
 Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain 360
 Would they take time; would they with leisure work,
 With care would salt their beef and cure their pork;

Would boil their liquor well whene'er they brew :
 Their conquest half is to the victualler due.

Because that thrift and abstinence are good,
 As many things if rightly understood,
 Old Crows condemns all persons to be fops
 That can't regale themselves with mutton chops :
 He often for stuf't beef to Bedlam runs,
 And the clean Rummer as the Pesthouse thuns :
 Sometimes poor jack and onions are his dish,
 And then he faints those friars who stink of fish.
 As for myself, I take him to abstain

Who has good meat with decency, tho' plain :
 But tho' my edge be not too nicely set,
 Yet I another's appetite may whet ;
 May teach him when to buy, when season's past,
 What's stale, what's choice, what's plentiful, what's
 waste,
 And lead him thro' the various maze of taste.

The fundamental principle of all
 Is what ingenious Cooks The Relish call ;
 For when the market sends in loads of food
 They all are tasteless till that makes them good :
 Besides, it is no ignoble piece of care
 To know for whom it is you would prepare :
 You'd please a friend, or reconcile a brother,
 A testy father, or a haughty mother ?
 Would mollify a judge, would cram a squire,
 Or else some smiles from Court you may desire ?

Or would perhaps some hasty supper give, 390
To shew the splendid state in which you live?
Pursuant to that int'rest you propose
Must all your wine and all your meat be chose:
Let men and manners ev'ry dish adapt;
Who'd force his pepper where his guests are clapt?
A cauldron of fat beef and stoop of ale 396
On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail
Than if you give them with the nicest art
Ragouts of peacocks' brains or filbert tart.

The French by soups and hautgouts glory raise,
And their desires all terminate in praise. 401
The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
Is to save all the money they can touch.
"Hans," cries the father, "see a pin lies there;
"A pin a-day will fetch a groat a-year. 405
"To your five farthings join three farthings more,
"And they if added make your halfpence four!"
Thus may your stock by management increase;
Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail 410
What hopes of sugar'd cakes or butter'd ale?

Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill.
Clog not your constant meals, for dishes few
Increase the appetite when choice and new. 415
Ev'n they who will extravagance profess
Have still an inward hatred for excess.

Meat forc'd too much untouch'd at table lies;
 Few care for carving trifles in disguise,
 Or that fantastick dish some call Surprise.
 When pleasures to the eye and palate meet
 That Cook has render'd his great work complete;
 His glory far, like Sirloins knighthood, flies,
 Immortal made as Kitcat by his pies.

Good nature must some failings overlook,
 Not wilfulness but errors of the Cook.
 A string won't always give the sound design'd
 By the musician's touch and heav'nly mind;
 Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
 Still to the destin'd point directly go.

Perhaps no salt is thrown about the dish,
 Or no fry'd parsley scatter'd on the fish:
 Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,
 And hopes of pardon to my Cook deny,
 For things which carelessness might oversee,
 And all mankind commit as well as he?

I with compassion once may overlook
 A skewer sent to table by my Cook;
 But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
 That he should daily the same fault commit,
 For fear the rascal send me up the spit!

Poor Roger Fowler had a gen'rous mind,
 Nor would submit to have his hand confin'd,
 But aim'd at all, yet never could excel
 In any thing but stuffing of his veal:

But when that dish was in perfection seen,
 And that alone, would it not move your spleen?
 'Tis true in a long work soft slumbers creep,
 And gently sink the artist into sleep.
 Ev'n Lamb himself at the most solemn feast 450
 Might have some chargers not exactly drest.

Tables should be like pictures to the sight,
 Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light;
 Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
 Where ease may all their delicace command: 455
 Some should be mov'd when broken; others last
 Thro' the whole treat, incentive to the taste.

Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
 Up from the kitchen call'd his eldest son.
 "Tho' wise thyself," says he, "tho' taught by me,
 "Yet fix this sentence in thy memory; 461
 "There are some certain things that do n't excel,
 "And yet we say are tolerably well:
 "There's many worthy men a lawyer prize
 "Whom they distinguish as of middle size 465
 "For pleading well at bar or turning books;
 "But this is not, my Son! the fate of Cooks,
 "From whose mysterious art true pleasure springs
 "To stall of garter and to throne of kings.
 "A simple scene, a disobliging song, 470
 "Which no way to the main design belong,
 "Or were they absent never would be miss'd,
 "Have made a well-wrought comedy be hiss'd:

"So in a feast no intermediate fault
 "Will be allow'd, but if not best it is naught." 475

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains
 From ninepins, coits, and from trapball, abstains,
 Cudgels avoids, and shuns the wrestling place,
 Lest Vinegar resound his loud disgrace:
 But ev'ry one to Cookery pretends; 480
 Nor maid nor mistress e'er consult their friends.
 But, Sir, if you would roast a pig, be free;
 Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
 We'll see when 't is enough when both eyes out,
 Or if it wants the nice concluding bout; 485
 But if it lies too long the crackling's pall'd,
 Not by the drudgingbox to be recall'd.

Our Cambrian fathers, sparing in their food,
 First broil'd their hunted goats on bars of wood:
 Sharp hunger was their seal'ning, or they took 490
 Such salt as issu'd from the native rock:
 Their fallading was never far to seek,
 The poignant watergrafs or fav'ry leek,
 Until the British bards adorn'd this isle,
 And taught them how to roast and how to boil; 495
 Then Talieffin rose, and sweetly strung
 His British harp, instructing whilst he sung;
 Taught them that honesty they still possess,
 Their truth, their open heart, their modest dress,
 Duty to kindred, constancy to friends, 500
 And inward worth, which always recommends;

Contempt of wealth and pleasure, to appear
 To all mankind with hospitable cheer.
 In afterages Arthur taught his Knights
 At his Round Table to record their fights, 505
 Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
 Monsters subdu'd, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
 Inspir'd that Cambrian soul which ne'er can yield.
 Then Guy, the pride of Warwick! truly great,
 To future heroes due example set; 510
 By his capacious cauldron made appear
 From whence the spirits rise and strength of war.
 The present age, to gallantry inclin'd,
 Is pleas'd with vast improvements of the mind.
 He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes, 515
 May be a fit companion o'er beef-steaks;
 His name may be to future times enroll'd
 In Estcourt's book *, whose gridiron's fram'd of gold.
 Scorn not these lines, design'd to let you know
 Profits that from a well plac'd table flow. 520

* That is, be admitted a member of The Beef-Steak Club.
 —Richard Estcourt, who was a player and dramatick writer,
 is celebrated in The Spectator as possessed of a sprightly wit
 and an easy and natural politeness. His company was much
 coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a
 boon companion. When the famous Beef-Steak Club was first
 instituted he had the office of Providore assigned him; and
 as a mark of distinction used to wear a small gridiron of gold
 hung about his neck with a green silk riband. He died in the
 year 1713.

'Tis a sage question if the Art of Cooks
 Is lodg'd by Nature or attain'd by books?
 That man will never frame a noble treat
 Whose whole dependance lies in some receipt:
 Then by pure Nature ev'ry thing is spoil'd;
 She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast, and
 When Art and Nature join, th' effect will be [boil'd,
 Some nice ragout or charming fricassée.

The lad that would his genius so advance
 That on the rope he might securely dance,
 From tender years enures himself to pains,
 To summer's parching heat and winter's rains,
 And from the fire of wine and love abstains.
 No artist can his hautboy's stops command
 Unless some skilful master form his hand;
 But gentry take their Cooks tho' never try'd;
 It seems no more to them than up and ride.
 Preferments granted thus shew him a fool
 That dreads a parent's check or rods at school.

Oxcheek when hot, and wardens bak'd, some cry,
 But it is with an intention men should buy:
 Others abound with such a plenteous store,
 That if you 'll let them treat they 'll ask no more;
 And it is the vast ambition of their soul
 To see their Port admir'd and table full:
 But then amidst that cringing fawning crowd
 Who talk so very much and laugh so loud,
 Who with such grace his Honour's actions praise,
 How well he fences, dances, sings, and plays!

Tell him his livery's rich, his chariot's fine, 350
 How choice his meat and delicate his wine!
 Surrounded thus, how should the youth descry
 The happiness of friendship from a lie?
 Friends act with cautious temper when sincere,
 But flatt'ring impudence is void of care: 355
 So at an Irish funeral appears
 A train of drabs with mercenary tears,
 Who wringing oft' their hands, with hideous moan,
 Know not his name for whom they seem to groan;
 While real Grief with silent steps proceeds, 360
 And love unfeign'd with inward passion bleeds.
 Hard fate of wealth! Were lords as butchers wife
 They from their meat would banish all the flies.
 The Persian kings with wine and massy bowl
 Search'd to the dark recesses of the soul, 365
 That so laid open no one might pretend
 Unless a man of worth to be their friend;
 But now the guests their patrons undermine,
 And slander them for giving them their wine.
 Great men have dearly thus companions bought: }
 Unless by these instructions they'll be taught 371 }
 They spread the net and will themselves be caught. }
 Were Horace, that great master, now alive,
 A feast with wit and judgment he'd contrive;
 As thus.—Supposing that you would rehearse 375
 A labour'd work, and ev'ry dish a verse,
 He'd say, "Mend this, and t' other line, and this."
 If after trial it were still amiss,

He'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
 Or set some dish more curious in its place.
 If you persist, he would not strive to move
 A passion so delightful as selflove.

We should submit our treats to criticks' view,
 And ev'ry prudent Cook should read Bossu.
 Judgment provides the meat in season fit,
 Which by the genius drest its sauce is wit.
 Good beef for men, pudding for youth and age,
 Come up to the decorum of the stage.

The critick strikes out all that is not just,
 And it is ev'n so the butler chips his crust.
 Poets and pastry-Cooks will be the same,
 Since both of them their images must frame:
 Chimeras from the poet's fancies flow,
 The Cook contrives his shapes in real dough.

When Truth commands there is no man can offend
 That with a modest love corrects his friend;
 Tho' it is in toasting bread or butt'ring pease,
 So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease.
 But why should we reprove when faults are small?
 Because it is better to have none at all.
 There is often weight in things that seem the least,
 And our most trifling follies raise the jest.

'Tis by his cleanliness a Cook must please;
 A kitchen will admit of no disease.
 The fowler and the huntsman both may run
 Amidst that dirt which he must nicely shun.

Empedocles, a sage of old, would raise
A name immortal by unusual ways:
At last his fancies grew so very odd
He thought by roasting to be made a god. 610
Tho' fat, he leapt with his unwieldy stuff
In Ætna's flames, so to have fire enough.
Were my Cook fat, and I a stander-by,
I'd rather than himself his fish should fry.

There are some persons so excessive rude 615
That to your private table they'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast;
Turn like a fox they'll catch you at the last.
You must, since bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your house as in a pestilence. 620
Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,
And as you're scamp'ring stop you in your coach.
Then think of all your sins, and you will see
How right your guilt and punishment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail, 625
But you would throw some debtor into jail:
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curse,
You are detain'd by something that is worse.

Were it in my election, I should chuse
To meet a rav'nous wolf or bear got loose. 630
He'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat:
No quarter from the parasite you'll get;
But like a leech well fix'd he'll suck what's good,
And never part till satisfy'd with blood. 635

THE ART OF LOVE;

IN FOURTEEN PARTS.

IN IMITATION OF

OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.

TO THE LORD HERBERT*,

Eldest Son of his Excellency the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Caerdiff, Ross of Kendal, Parr, Fitz-Hugh Marmion, St. Quintin, and Herbert of Shutland, Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a subject that will naturally be protected by the goodness and temper of your Lordship; for as the advantages of your mind and person must kindle the flames of love in the coldest breast, so you are of an age most susceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all those accomplishments at home which others are forced to seek abroad, and have given the world assurance, by such beginnings, that you will soon be qualified to fill the highest offices of the crown with the same universal applause that has constantly attended your illustrious father in the discharge of them. For the good of your posterity may you ever be happy in the choice of

* Henry Lord Herbert succeeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749.

what you love! and though these Rules will be of small use to you that can frame much better, yet let me beg leave that by dedicating them to your service I may have the honour of telling the world that I am obliged to your Lordship, and that I am most entirely

Your Lordship's

most faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

PREFACE.

It is endeavour'd in the following Poems to give the readers of both sexes some ideas of The Art of Love; such a love as is innocent and virtuous, and whose desires terminate in present happiness and that of posterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the Ancients, amongst whom none has touch'd that passion more tenderly and justly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the mastership in that art; and therefore in the fourth book *De Tristibus*, when he would give some account of himself to future ages, he calls himself *Tenerorum Luser Amorum*, as if he gloried principally in the descriptions he had made of that passion.

The present Imitation of him is at least such a one as Mr. Dryden mentions "to be an endeavour of a
"later poet to write like one who has written before
"him on the same subject; that is, not to translate
"his words, or be confin'd to his sense, but only to
"set him as a pattern, and to write as he supposes
"that author would have done had he lived in our
"age and in our country. But he dares not say that
"Sir John Denham* or Mr. Cowley have carried
"this libertine way, as the latter calls it, so far as

* Mr. Dryden alludes to The Destruction of Troy, &c.

"this definition reaches." But, alas! the present imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had Pindar, to deal with, who both wrote upon lasting foundations; but the present subject being Love, it would be unreasonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the passion and grounds of it will continue the same thro' all ages, yet there will be many little modes, fashions, and graces, ways of compleisance and address, entertainments and diversions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and persons will write, and the Ancients have so great a fund of learning, whom can the Moderns take better to copy than such originals? it is most likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thousand to one but their imitation is better than any clumsy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing has as much reason to understand the true scope, genius, and force, of the expressions of his author as a literal translator; and after all he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and if there is any thing that may seem pardonable, the Latin at the bottom shews to whom he is engaged for it*. An imitator and his

* In the first editions of *The Art of Cookery* and of *The Art of Love* Dr. King printed the original under the respective pages of his translations.

author stand much upon the same terms as Ben does with his father in the comedy* :

What tho' he be my father? I an't bound 'prentice to 'em.

There were many reasons why the imitator transposed several verses of Ovid, and has divided the whole into fourteen Parts rather than keep it in three books. These may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the rest, some were, that matters of the same subject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthensome; and therefore (if small matters may allude to greater) as Virgil in his Georgicks, so here most of the parts end with some remarkable fable, which carries with it some moral: yet if any persons please to take the six first parts as the first book, and divide the eight last, they may make three books of them again. There have by chance some twenty lines crept into the Poem out of *The Remedy of Love*, which (as inanimate things are generally the most wayward and provoking) since they would stay have been suffered to stand there. But as for the Love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be prescribed for it but the speedy obtaining of what it desires. Should the imitator's style seem not to be sufficiently restrained, should he

* Congreve's *Love for Love*.

not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be considered that perhaps even in that he desired to imitate his author, and would not peruse them, lest as some of Ovid's works were, so these might be committed to the flames: but he leaves that for the reader to do, if he pleases; when he has bought them.

THE ART OF LOVE

PART I.

WHOMSOEVER knows not what it is to love,
 Let him but read these verses and improve.
 Swift ships are rul'd by art, and oars, and sails;
 Skill guides our chariots; wit o'er love prevails.
 Automedon with reins let loose could fly;
 Tiphys with Argo's ship cut waves and sky.
 In Love affairs I'm charioteer of Truth,
 And surest pilot to incautious youth.
 Love's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy;
 But then consider he is but a boy.
 Chiron with pleasing harp Achilles tam'd,
 And his rough manners with soft musick fram'd.
 Tho' he'd in council form, in battle rage,
 He bore a secret reverence for age.
 Chiron's command with strict obedience ties
 The sinewy arm by which brave Hector dies.
 That was his task, but fiercer Love is mine;
 They both are boys, and sprung from race divine.
 The stiffneck'd bull does to the yoke submit,
 And the most fiery courser champs the bit:
 So Love shall yield. I own I've been his slave,
 But conquer'd where my enemy was brave;
 And now he darts his flames without a wound,
 And all his whistling arrows die in sound.

Nor will I raise my fame by hidden art; 25
In what I teach sound reason shall have part:
For Nature's passion cannot be destroy'd,
But moves in virtue's path when well employ'd.
Yet still it will be convenient to remove
The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love. 30
May infant Chastity, grave matrons' pride,
A parent's wish, and blushes of a bride,
Protect this Work! so guard it, that no rhyme
In syllable or thought may vent a crime!
The soldier that Love's armour would defy 35
Will find his greatest courage is to fly.
When Beauty's am'rous glances parley beat
The only conquest then is to retreat;
But if the treach'rous fair pretend to yield,
'Tis present death unless you quit the field. 40
Whilst youth and vanity would make you range,
Think on some beauty may prevent your change;
But such by falling skies are never caught:
No happiness is found but what is sought.
The huntsman learns where does trip o'er the lawn,
And where the foaming boar secures his brawn: 46
The fowler's low bell robs the lark of sleep;
And they who hope for fish must search the deep:
And he that fuel seeks for chaste desire
Must search where virtue may that flame inspire. 50
To foreign parts there is no need to roam;
The blessing may be met with nearer home.

From India come, others from neighb'ring France,
 Bring tawny skins and puppets that can dance;
 The seat of British empire does contain
 Beauties that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign:
 As fruitful fields with plenty bless the sight,
 And as the Milky Way adorns the night,
 So that does with those graceful nymphs abound,
 Whose dovelike softness is with roses crown'd.
 There tend'rest blooms inviting softness spread,
 Whilst by their smallest twine the captive's led;
 There youth advanc'd in majesty does shine,
 Fit to be a mother to a race divine:
 No age in matrons, no decay, appears;
 By prudence only there you guess at years.

Sometimes you'll see these beauties seek the shade
 By lofty trees in royal gardens made;
 Or at St. James's, where a noble care
 Makes all things pleasing like himself appear;
 Or Kensington, sweet air and blest retreat
 Of him that owns a sov'reign, tho' most great
 Sometimes in wilder groves, by chariots drawn,
 They view the noble stag and tripping fawn.

* George Prince of Denmark, consort to the Queen, greatly admired these fine gardens.—They were purchased by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch, were enlarged by Queen Mary, and improved by Queen Anne, who was so pleased with the place that she frequently supped during the summer in the Greenhouse. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their present size, three miles and a half in compass.

On Hyde-park's circles if you chance to gaze 73
The lights revolving strike you with amaze.

To Bath and Tunbridge they sometimes retreat,
With waters to dispel the parching heat:
But youth with reason there may oft' admire
That which may raise in him a nobler fire, 80
Till the kind fair relieves what he endures,
Caus'd at that water which all others cures.

Sometimes at marriage rites you may espy
Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
Where to blest musick they in dances move, 85
With innocence and grace commanding Love.

But yearly when that solemn night returns
When grateful incense on the altar burns,
For closing the most glorious day e'er seen,
That first gave light to happy Britain's queen, 90
Then is the time for noble youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious eye.

Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
Of nymphs ador'd and goddesses of old,
Equal those beauties who that circle frame, 95
A subject fit for never-dying Fame;
Whose gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown,
Yet still can add no lustre to their own.

But when their Queen does to the senate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the show, 100
Then guard your hearts, ye Makers of our laws!
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cause;

Lest the submissive part should fall to you,
 And they who suppliants help be forc'd to sue.
 Then may their yielding hearts compassion take,
 And grant your wishes for your country's sake:
 Ease to their beauties' wounds may goodness give,
 And since you make all happy let you live.

Sometimes these beauties on Newmarket plains,
 Ruling their gentle pads with silken reins,
 Behold the conflicts of the generous steeds,
 Sprung from true blood and well attested breeds:
 There youth may justly with discerning eye
 Thro' riding Amazonian habit spy
 That which his swiftest courser cannot fly.

It is no treach'rous or base piece of art
 T'approve the side with which the fair takes part,
 For equal passion equal minds will strike
 Either in commendation or dislike:
 For when two fencers ready stand to fight,
 And we're spectators of the bloody fight,
 Our nimble passion Love has soon design'd
 The man to whom we must and will be kind.
 We think the other is not fit to win;
 This is our conqueror ere fight begin.
 If danger dares approach him how we start!
 Our frighted blood runs trembling to our heart:
 He takes the wounds but we endure the smart.
 And Nature by such instances does prove
 That we fear most for that which most we love.

Therefore if Chance should make her saddle slide,
 Or any thing should slip or be unty'd,
 Oh! think it not a too officious care
 With eagerness to run and help the fair.
 We offer small things to the pow'rs above: 135
 'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.
 So when Eliza, whose propitious days
 Revolving Heav'n does seem again to raise,
 Whose ruling genius shew'd a masterstroke
 In ev'ry thing she did and all she spoke, 140
 Was stepping o'er a passage which the rain
 Had fill'd, and seem'd as stepping back again,
 Young Raleigh scorn'd to see his queen retreat,
 And threw his velvet cloak beneath her feet: }
 The queen approv'd the thought, and made him }
 great. 145

Mark when the queen her thanks divine would give
 Midst acclamations that she long may live;
 To whom kind Heav'n the blessing has bestow'd,
 To let her arms succeed for Europe's good;
 No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns, 150
 Nor are the captives dragg'd with pond'rous chains;
 But all declare the British subjects' ease,
 And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
 Then whilst the pomp of Majesty proceeds
 With stately steps and eight well chosen steeds, 155

* Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his rise at court.

From every place beauties may be seen
 That will acknowledge none but her for queen.
 Then if kind Chance a lovely maid has thrown
 Next to a youth with graces like her own,
 Much she would learn, and many questions ask; 160
 The answers are the lover's pleasing task.

"Is that the man who made the French to fly?

"What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?

"Where was it that he with sword victorious stood,

"And made their trembling squadrons hush the flood?

"What is the gold adorns this royal state? 166

"Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?

"Do n't it require a most prodigious care

"To manage treasures in the height of war?

"Must he not be of calmest truth possess? 170

"Presides o'er councils of the royal breast?

"Seafights are surely dismal scenes of war!

"Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?

"Has not the Emp'rour got some envoy here?

"Won't Danish, Swedish, Prussian, lords appear?

"Who represents the line of Hanover? 176

"Do n't The States General assist them all?

"Should we not be in danger if they fall?

"If Savoy's Duke and Prince Eugene could meet

"In this solemnity it would be complete. 180

"Think you that Barcelona could have stood

"Without the hazard of our noblest blood?

" At Ramilies what ensigns did you get?
 " Did many towns in Flanders then submit?
 " Was it the conq'ror's bus'ness to destroy, 185
 " Or was he met by all of them with joy?
 " Oh! could my wish but fame eternal give
 " The laurel on those brows should ever live!"

The British worth in nothing need despair
 When it has such assistance from the fair. 190
 As virtue merits it expects regard,
 And Valour flies where Beauty is the reward.

PART II.

IN Loveaffairs the theatre has part,
 That wise and most instructing scene of art,
 Where vice is punish'd with a just reward, 195
 And virtue meets with suitable regard;
 Where mutual love and friendship find return,
 But treach'rous insolence is hiss'd with scorn,
 And Love's unlawful wiles in torment burn. }
 This without blushes whilst a virgin sees 200
 Upon some brave spectator Love may seize,
 Who till she sends it never can have ease. }

As things that were the best at first
 By their corruption grow the worst,
 The modern stage takes liberties 205
 Unseen by our forefathers' eyes.

As bees from hive, from molehill ants, 210
 So swarm the females and gallants,
 All crowding to the comedy
 For to be seen and not to see.
 But tho' these females are to blame,
 Yet still they have some native shame:
 They all are silent till they 're ask'd,
 And ev'n their impudence is mask'd;
 For Nature would be modest still, 215
 And there is reluctance in will.

Sporting and plays had harmless been,
 And might by any one be seen,
 Till Romulus began to spoil them,
 Who kept a palace call'd Asylum, 220
 Where bastards, pimps, and thieves, and panders,
 Were list'd all to be commanders;
 But then the rascals were so poor
 They could not change a rogue for whore, 225
 And neighb'ring jades resolv'd to tarry
 Rather than with such scrubs they'd marry,
 But for to cheat them and be wiv'd
 They knavishly a farce contriv'd.
 No gilded pillars there were seen, 230
 Nor was the cloth they trod on green;
 No ghosts came from the cellar crying,
 Nor angels from the garret flying:
 The house was made of sticks and bushes,
 And all the floor was strew'd with rushes;

The seats were rais'd with turf and feds, 233
 Whence heroes might be view'd and gods.
 Paris and Helen was the play,
 And how both of them ran away.
 Romulus had his varlets go
 Invite the Sabines to his show. 240
 Unto this opera no rate is ;
 They all were free to come in *gratis* ;
 And they, as girls will seldom miss
 A merry meeting, came to this.
 There was much wishing, sighing, thinking, 245
 Not without whispering and winking.
 Their pipes had then no shaking touch ;
 Their song and dance were like the Dutch.
 The whole performance was by men,
 Because they had no eunuchs then. 250
 But whilst the musick briskly play'd
 Romulus at his cue display'd
 The sign for each man to his maid. }
 " Huzza ! " they cry ; then seize : some tremble
 In real fact, tho' most dissemble : 255
 Some are attempting an escape,
 And others softly cry, " A rape ! "
 Whilst some bawl out, " That they had rather
 " Than twenty pound lose an old father : "
 Some look extremely pale, and others red : 260
 Some wish they 'd ne'er been born, or now were }
 And others fairly wish themselves a-bed ; [dead ; }

Some rant, tear, run; whilst some sit still,
 To shew they're ravish'd much against their will.
 Thus Rome began; and now at last, 263
 After so many ages past,
 Their rapes and lewdness without shame,
 Their vice and villany, is the same
 Ill be their fate who would corrupt the stage;
 And spoil the true corrector of the age! 270

PART III.

Now learn those arts which teach you to obtain
 Those beauties which you see divinely reign.
 Tho' they by Nature are transcendent bright,
 And would be seen ev'n thro' the gloom of night,
 Yet they their greatest lustre still display 275
 In the meridian pitch of calmest day;
 'Tis then we purple view and costly gem,
 And with more admiration gaze on them.
 Faults seek the dark: they who by moonlight woo
 May find their fair one as inconstant too. 280

When modesty supported is by truth
 There is a boldness that becomes your youth.
 In gentle sounds disclose a lover's care;
 'Tis better than your sighing and despair.
 Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
 The hare grown bold may face the dogs again, 286

When Beauty do n't in Virtue's arms rejoice,
 Since harmony in Love is Nature's voice;
 But harden'd impudence sometimes will try
 At things which justice cannot but deny; 290
 Then what that says is insolence and pride
 Is prudence with firm honour for its guide.

The lady's counsels often are betray'd
 By trusting secrets to a servile maid,
 The whole intrigues of whose insidious brain 295
 Are base, and only terminate in gain.
 Let them take care of too diffusive mirth;
 Suspicious thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
 Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
 By Sinon's craft it had not been destroy'd. 300
 A vulgar air, mean songs, and free discourse,
 With sly insinuations, may prove worse
 To tender females than the Trojan horse. }

Take care how you from virtue stray,
 For scandal follows the same way, 305
 And more than truth it will devise.
 Old poets did delight in lies,
 Which modern ones now call surprise. }
 Some say that Myrrha lov'd her father,
 That Byblis lik'd her brother rather; 310
 And in such tales old Greece did glory,
 Amongst the which pray take this story.

Crete was an isle whose fruitful nations
 Swarm'd with an hundred corporations.

And there upon Mount Ida stood 315
 A venerable spacious wood,
 Within whose centre was a grove
 Immortaliz'd by birth of Jove:
 In vales below a bull was fed
 Whom all the kine obey'd as head; 320
 Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,
 But all the rest of him was driven snow.
 (Our tale to truth does not confine us.)
 At the same time one Justice Minos,
 That liv'd hard by, was marry'd lately, 325
 And that his bride might shew more stately,
 When thro' her pedigree he run,
 Found she was daughter to the Sun.
 Her name Pasiphaë was height,
 And as her father she was bright. 330
 This lady took up an odd fancy
 That with this bull she fain would dance ye.
 She 'd mow him grass, and cut down boughs,
 On which his stateliness might browse.
 Whilst thus she hedges breaks, and climbs, 335
 Sure Minos must have happy times!
 She never car'd for going fine;
 She 'd rather trudge among the kine:
 Then at her toilet she would say,
 "Methinks I look *bizarre* to-day; 340
 "Sure my glass lies; I'm not so fair:
 "Oh! were this face o'ergrown with hair!

"I never was for topknots born; M

"My favourites should each be horn.

"But now I'm liker to a fow

"Than what I wish to be, a cow—

"What would I give that I could low

"My bull-y cares for none of those

"That are afraid to spoil their clothes;

"Did he but love me, he'd not fail

"To take me with my draggle-tail."

Then tears would fall; and then she'd run

As would the devil upon Dun.

When she some handsome cow did spy

She'd scan her form with jealous eye;

Say, "How she frisks it o'er the plain,

"Runs on, and then turns back again!

"She seems a bear resolv'd to prance,

"Or a she afs that tries to dance.

"In vain she thinks herself so fine;

"She can't please bull-y, for he's mine.

"But 't is revenge alone assuages

"My envy when the passion rages.

"Here, Rascal! quickly yoke that cow,

"And see the shrivell'd carrion plough.

"But second counsel's best: she dies;

"I'll make immediate sacrifice,

"And with the victim feast my eyes.

"Tis thus my rivals I'll remove

"Who interpose 'twixt me and what I love."

"Is in Egypt is worshipp'd now
 "Since Jove transform'd her to a cow.
 "'Twas on a bull Europa came
 "To that blest land which bears her name.
 "Who knows what fate 's ordain'd for me, 375
 "The languishing Pasiphaë,
 "Had I a bull as kind as she!" }

When madness rages with unusual fire
 'Tis not in Nature's pow'r to quench desire;
 Then vice transforms man's reason into beast,
 And so the monster 's made the poet's jest. 381

PART IV.

Let youth avoid the noxious heat of wine;
 Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill design.
 The grape, when scatter'd on the wings of Love,
 So clogs the down the feathers cannot move. 385
 The boy, who otherwise would fleeting stray,
 Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to stay;
 Then courage rises when the spirit is fir'd,
 And rages to possess the thing desir'd;
 Care vanishes thro' the exalted blood, 390
 And sorrow passes in the purple flood;
 Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a soul
 Whose thoughts in fancy'd heaps of plenty roll.
 Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart
 Plain simple truth from a dissembling heart; 395

Then to some wanton passion he must run,
 Which his discreeter hours would gladly shun,
 Where he the time in thoughtless ease may pass,
 And write his *billet-doux* upon the glass,
 Whilst sinking eyes with languishment profess
 400 Follies his tongue refuses to confess.
 Then his good nature will take th' other sup
 If she 'll first kiss that he may kiss the cup;
 Then something nice and costly he could eat,
 Supposing still that she will carve the meat;
 405 But if a brother or a husband is by,
 Whom the illnatur'd world may call a spy,
 He thinks it not below him to pretend
 The openheartedness of a true friend,
 Gives him respect surpassing his degree;
 410 The person that is meant by all is she.
 'Tis thought the safest way to hide a passion,
 And therefore call'd the friendship now in fashion:
 By secret signs and enigmatick stealth
 She is the toast belongs to ev'ry health,
 415 And all the lover's bus'ness is to keep
 His thoughts from anger and his eyes from sleep.
 He 'll laugh ye, dance ye, sing ye, vault, look gay,
 And ruffle all the ladies in his play;
 But still the gentleman is extremely fine;
 420 There is nothing apish in him but the wine.
 Many a mortal has been bit
 By marrying in the drunken fit.

To lay the matter plain before ye
Pray hearken whilst I tell my story. 435

It happen'd about break of day
Gnoffis a girl had lost her way,
And wander'd up and down the Strand
Whereabouts now York Buildings stand;
And half awake, she roar'd as bad 430
As if she really had been mad;
Unlac'd her boddice, and her gown
And petticoats hung dangling down;
Her shoes were flipt, her ankles bare,
And all around her flew her yellow hair. 435

"Oh, cruel Theseus! can you go

"And leave your little Gnoffis so?

"You in your scull did promise carriage,

"And gave me proofs of future marriage,

"But then last night away did creep, 440

"And basely left me fast asleep."

Then she is falling in a fit,

But do n't grow uglier one bit;

The flood of tears rather supplies

The native rheum about her eyes. 445

The bubbies then are beat again;

Women in passion feel no pain.

"What will become of me? oh! what

"Will come of me? oh! tell me that."

Bacco was drawer at The Sun, 450

And had his belly like his tun.

For blubber-lips, and cheeks all bloated,
 And frizzled pate, the youth was noted.
 He, as his custom was, got drunk,
 And then went strolling for a punk. 453
 Six links and lanterns, 'cause it was dark yet,
 He press'd from Covent-Garden-Market;
 Then his next captives were the Waits,
 Who play'd lest he should break their pates.
 But as along in state he passes 460
 He met a fellow driving asses;
 For there are sev'ral folks whose trade is
 To milk them for consumptive ladies.
 Nothing would serve but get astride,
 And the old bellman too must ride. 465
 What with their houting shouting yell
 The scene had something in it of hell:
 And who should all this rabble meet
 But Gnossey drabbling in the street?
 The fright destroy'd her speech and colour, 470
 And all remembrance of her sculler:
 Her conduct thrice bad her be flying;
 Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
 Like bullrushes on side of brook,
 Or aspin leaves, her joints all shook. 475
 Bacco cry'd out, "I'm come, my Dear!
 "I'll soon disperse all thoughts of fear:
 "Nothing but joys shall revel here."
 Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
 Protested "she should have no harm; 480

" But rather would assure her he
 " Rejoic'd in opportunity
 " Of meeting such a one as she;
 " And that encircled all around
 " With glafs and candles many a pound, 485
 " She should with bells command the bar,
 " And call her rooms Sun, Moon, and Star;
 " That the good company were met,
 " And should not want a wedding-treat."
 In short they marry'd, and both made ye 490
 He a free landlord, she a kind landlady.

The Spartan lords their villains would invite
 To an excess of drink in children's sight:
 The parent thus their innocence would save,
 And to the load of wine condemn the slave. 495

PART V.

THE season must be mark'd for nice address;
 A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour less.
 Not the wise gard'ner more discretion needs
 To manage tender plants and hopeful seeds, [flow'rs,
 To know when rain, when warmth, must guard his
 Than lovers do to watch their most auspicious hours.
 As the judicious pilot views from far 502
 Th' influences of each rising star,
 Where signs of future calms or storms appear,
 When sitting to be bold, and when to fear; 505

So Love's attendant by long art describes
 The rise of growing passion from the eyes.
 Love has its festival as well as fast,
 Nor does its carnival for ever last.
 What was a visit now is to intrude;
 What is civil now to-morrow will be rude.
 Small signs denote great things: the happy man
 That can retrieve a glove or falling fan
 With grateful joy the benefit receives,
 Whilst with desponding care his rival grieves.

Whene'er it may seem proper you should write,
 Let Ovid the prevailing words indite:
 By Scrope*, by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be taught,
 And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thought.
 Submissive voice and words do best agree
 To their hard fortune who must suppliants be:
 It was by speech like this great Priam won
 Achilles' soul, and so obtain'd his son.

Hope is an useful goddess in your case,
 And will increase your speed in Cupid's race:
 Tho' in its promises it fail sometimes,
 Yet with fresh resolution still it climbs:

* Sir Car Scrope, one of those writers in the reign of King Charles II. that Mr Pope calls

"The mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

He was created a Baronet January 16th 1666. The greater part of his writings consist of translations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, with some love songs and lampoons. They are to be found in the volumes of Dryden's Miscellanies. He died some time in the year 1680.

Tho' much is lost at play, yet Hope at last
 Drives on, and meets with some successful cast.
 Why then make haste; on paper ting'd with gold
 By quill of dove thy lovesick tale unfold.
 Move sprightly, knowing it is for life you push;
 Your letter will not tho' yourself might blush.
 'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
 The British youth—to study rules of speech:
 That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
 Gives secret strength to justice in a cause:
 To that the crowd, the judge, the senate, yield;
 'Gainst that ev'n beauty cann't maintain the field.
 Conceal your art, and let your words appear
 Common, not vulgar; not too plain, tho' clear.
 Shew not your eloquence at the first sight,
 But from your shade rise by degrees of light.
 Drefs thoughts as if Love's silence first were broke,
 And wounded heart with trembling passion spoke.
 Suppose that your first letter is sent back,
 Yet she may yield upon the next attack:
 If not, by art a diamond rough in hue
 Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
 Soft waterdrops the marble will destroy,
 And ten years' siege prove conqueror of Troy.
 Suppose she has read, but then no answer gave;
 It is sufficient she admits her slave.
 Write on; for time the freedom may obtain
 Of having mutual love sent back again.

Perhaps she writes, but it is to bid you cease,
 And that your lines but discompose her peace.
 This is a stratagem of Cupid's war;
 She 'd like a Parthian wound you from afar,
 And by this art your constancy would try: 360
 She 's nearest much when seeming thus to fly.
 Pursue the fair Disdain thro' ev'ry place
 That with her presence she vouchsafes to grace:
 If to the play she goes, be there, and see
 How Love rewarded makes the comedy: 365
 Fly to the Park, if thither she 'd retire;
 Perhaps some gentle breeze may fan the fire;
 But if to Court, then follow where you 'll find
 Majestick Truth with sacred Hymen join'd.

It is in vain some study to profess 370
 Their inclination by too nice a dress,
 As not content with manly cleanliness. }
 Mien, shape, or manner, no addition needs;
 There is something careless that all art exceeds.
 Adonis from his lonely solitudes, 375
 Rough Theseus landing from the briny floods,
 Hippolytus fresh hunting from the woods, }
 O'er heroines of race divine prevail'd,
 Where powder'd wig and snuff box might have fail'd.

No youth that is wise will to his figure trust, 380
 As if so fine to be accosted first.
 Distress must ask, and gratefully receive;
 'Tis Heav'n and Beauty's honour they can give.

There's some have thought that looking pale and wan,
 With a submission that is less than man;
 Might gain their end, but sunk in the attempt,
 And found that which they merited, contempt.
 Gain but admittance, half your story is told;
 There is nothing then remains but to be bold;
 Venus and Fortune will assist your claim,
 And Cupid dart the breast at which you aim.
 No need of study'd speech or skilful rules;
 Love has an eloquence beyond the schools,
 Where softest words and accents will be found,
 All flowing in to form the charming sound.
 Of her you love bright images you'll raise;
 When just they are not flattery but praise.
 What can be said too much of what is good,
 Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food?

For nine years' space Egypt had fruitless flood
 Without the aid of Nile's prolifick flood,
 When Thraſius said, "That blessing to regain
 "The gods require a stranger should be slain."
 "Be thou the man," the fierce Buiris cries;
 "I'll make th' adviser his own sacrifice;
 "Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."

Perillus, first and last of's trade,
 For Phalaris a bull had made;
 With fire beneath, and water hot,
 He put the braſier in the pot,

And gave him, like an honest fellow,
Precedence in his bull to bellow.
The tyrants both did right. No law more just
Than "He that thinks of ill should feel it first."
Curst be their arts, unstudy'd be their trade; 615
Who female truth by falsehood would invade;
That can betray a friend or kinsman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames;
Whose eager passion finds its sure relief
When terminating in another's grief! 620
Careless hereafter what they promise now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow,
Then cite th' example of the faithless Jove,
Who laughs, they say at perjury in love.
They think they have a thousand ways to please,
Ten thousand more to keep the mind at ease; 626
For as the earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantastick rounds;
Like Proteus, can be lion, river, bear,
A tree, or any thing that is fram'd of air. 630
Thus they lay snares, thus they set off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit:
But they who thro' this course of mischief run
Will find that fraud is various, virtue one.

Achilles, a gigantick boy! 635
Was wanted at the siege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the gen'als did desire him;

For Discord, you must know, had thrown
An apple where it was two to one 640
But if a stir was made about it
Two of the three must go without it:
And so it was; for Paris gave it
To Venus, who resolv'd to have it.
(The story here would be too long, 645
But you may find it in the song.)
Venus, altho' not over virt'ous,
Yet still designing to be court'ous,
Resolv'd to procure the varlet
A flaming and triumphant harlot, 650
First stol'n by one she would not stay with,
Then marry'd to be run away with.
Her Paris carry'd to his mother,
And thence in Greece arose that pother
Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante, 655
And Chaucer, make us such a cant.
It was a just and noble cause,
The breach of hospitable laws:
Tho' done to one, yet common grief
Made all unite to seek relief; 660
But when they sought the country round
There 's no Achilles to be found.
His mother was afraid t' have lost him,
And therefore thus she did accost him:
" My pretty Dear! let me persuade ye 665
" This once for to become a lady :

" This petticoat and mantua take,
 " And wear this nightrail for my sake,
 " I've made your knots all of the smallest,
 " Because your something of the tallest. 670
 " I'd have you never go unlac'd
 " For fear of spoiling of your waist.
 " Now languish on me—scorn me now—
 " Smile—frown—run—laugh—I see it will do.
 " You'd perfect all you now begin 675
 " Only for poking out your chin."

Him thus instructed soon she sends
 To Lycomedes, and there pretends
 It was a daughter of a friend's,
 Who grown full large by country feeding 680
 Was sent to him to mend her breeding:
 Herself had now no child, nor no man
 To trust but him, poor lonely woman!
 That might reward him well hereafter
 If he would use her as his daughter. 685
 In choice of names, as Iris, Ohloe,
 Psyche, and Phillis, she took Zoe.
 Th' old man receiv'd her, and express
 Much kindness for his topping guest;
 Shew'd her his girls; said, " Whilst she'd stay 690
 " His Zoe should be us'd as they."
 At first there much reserv'dness past,
 But when acquaintance grew at last,

They 'd jest, and ev'ry one would shew
Her works, which she could never do. 695

One said her fingers were most fitting
For the most fiddling work of knitting;

Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all must help her for love's sake.

Zoe undrest in nightgown tawdry, 700
With clumsy fist must work embroid'ry;

Whilst others try her greasy clunches
With stoning currants in whole bunches:

But there was one call'd Dedamy
Mistrusted something by the by, 705

And, sighing, thus one night she said,
"Why, Zoe, may n't we go to bed?"

"Soon as you please, good Mistress Ded!" }
The fleeting months soon roll about;

Time came when murder all must out. 710
Zoe for fear of the old man

Into the army quickly ran,
And sav'd the flitting of his nose

By timely changing of his clothes.
Thus whilst we Glory's dictates shun 715

Into the snares of Vice we run;
And he that should his country serve,

And beauty by his worth deserve,
In female softness wanton stays,

And what he should adore betrays. 720

PART VI.

BUT now, O happy Youth! thy prize is found,
 And all thy wishes with success are crown'd;
 Not Iō Pæans when Apollo is prais'd,
 Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd,
 Not acclamations of exalted Rome, 725
 To welcome Peace with her Augustus home,
 Can more delight a brave and gen'rous mind
 Than it must you to see a beauty kind.
 The bays to me with gratitude you'll give,
 Like Hesiod and like Homer make me live. 730
 Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
 Hippodamy, with his life's danger bought;
 Thus prosp'rous Jafon, rich with Golden Fleece,
 On Argos' vocal timber sail'd for Greece.

But stay, fond Youth! the danger is not past; 735
 You 're not arriv'd in port nor anchor cast.
 From you my heart may still more bays deserve;
 If what by me you gain'd by me you shall preserve.
 Nor than the conquest is the glory less
 To fix the throne on that which you possess. 740
 Now, Erato! divinest, softest, Muse!
 Whose name and office both do Love infuse,
 Assist my great design. If Venus' son,
 That vagabond! would from his mother run,

And then with soaring wings and body light 745
 Thro' the vast world's extent would take his flight,
 By artful bonds let me secure his stay,
 And make his universal pow'r obey.

Whilst I my art would thus improve,
 And fondly thought to shackle Love, 750
 Two neighbours that were standing by,
 Tormented both with jealousy,
 Told me it was in vain to try: }

When one began his tale, as thus;

"Perhaps you've heard of Dædalus, 755

"When Minos would have made him stay

"How thro' the clouds he found his way.

"He was a workman wise and good;

"Building was what he understood.

"Like to the house where we act plays 760

"He made a turning winding maze,

"Fitting to harbour acts of sin,

"And put a whore and bastard in.

"I've done your work; and now my trust is,

"Good Sir! that you will do me justice. 765

"'Tis true I hither fled for murder;

"Let my misfortunes go no further:

"Some end all punishments should have. }

"Birth to the wretch my country gave; }

"Let it afford me now a grave. 770 }

"Dismiss my son; at least, if rather

"You'd keep the boy, dismiss his father."

This he might say, and more, or so;
 But Minos would not let him go.
 At this he was enrag'd, and cry'd, 775
 " It is in danger wit is try'd:
 " Minos possesses earth and sea,
 " The sky and air are left for me.
 " Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove!
 " If I approach your seats above: 780
 " It is necessity that draws
 " A new-invented rule for Nature's laws."

Thus he began. Full many a feather
 With twine of thread he stitch'd together :
 (Abundance more than are enough 785
 To make your wife and mine a muff.)
 Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
 To fix the whole but melted wax :
 That was the work of the young boy,
 Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy, 790
 Not guessing ere he was much older
 He should have one upon each shoulder.
 To whom his father ; " Here is the ship
 " By which we must from Minos slip.
 " Child, follow me just as I fly on, 795
 " And keep your eye fix'd on Orion :
 " I'll be your guide ; and never fear,
 " Conducted by a father's care.
 " The Virgin and Bootes shun;
 " Take heed lest you approach the Sun; 800

" His flaming influence will be felt,
 " And the diffusive wax will melt.
 " The sea by rising fogs discover;
 " O'er that be sure you never hover:
 " It would be difficult to drag 805
 " Your wetted pinions should they flag.
 " Between them both the sky is fair,
 " No winds or hurricanes are there,
 " But you may fan the fleeting air. }
 " Thus speaking he with whipcord strings 810
 " Fastens and then extends the wings;
 " And when th' youth is completely drest,
 " Just as the eagle from her nest,
 " By gentle flights her eaglet tries
 " To dare the sun and mount the skies, 815
 " The father so his boy prepares,
 " Not without kifs and falling tears.
 " In a large plain a rising height
 " Gives some assistance to their flight.
 " With a quick spring and flatt'ring noise 820
 " They in the sky their bodies poise.
 " Back on his son the father looks,
 " Praising his swift and even strokes.
 " Now dreadless with bold art supply'd }
 " He does on airy billows ride, 825 }
 " And soar with an ambitious pride.
 " Mortals who by the limpid flood
 " With patient angle long have stood,

“ On the smooth water’s shining face
“ See the amazing creatures pass, 830
“ Look up astonish’d whilst the reed
“ Drops from the hand, whose sense is dead.
“ Roll’d by the wind’s impetuous haste
“ They Samos now and Naxos past,
“ Paros and Delos, blest abode! 835
“ And parent of the Clarian god.
“ Lebinthus on their right-hand lies,
“ And sweet Calydne’s groves arise,
“ And fam’d Aftypalæa’s fens
“ Breed shoals of fish in owzy dens: 840
“ When the unwary boy, whose growing years
“ Ne’er knew the worth of cautious fears,
“ Mounts an ethereal hill, whence he might spy
“ The lofty regions of a brighter sky:
“ Far from his father’s call and aid 845
“ His wings in glitt’ring fire display’d,
“ Whose ambient heat their plume involves,
“ And all their liquid bands dissolves.
“ He sees his loosen’d pinions drop;
“ On naked arms lies all his hope. 850
“ From the vast concave precipice he finds
“ A swift destruction sinking with the winds.
“ Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
“ Whose womb is equally as steep.
“ Then, “ Father! father!” he’d have cry’d; 855
“ Tempests the trembling sounds divide,

"With dismal fear contracts his breath,"

"And the rough wave completes his death."

"My son! my son!" long might the father cry:

"There is no track to seek him in the sky. 860

"By floating wings his body found

"Is cover'd with the neighb'ring ground."

"His art, tho' not successful, has its fame,"

"And the Icarian seas preserve his name."

If men from Minos could escape, 865

And into birds transform their shape,

And there was nothing that could hold them,

Provided feathers might be sold them,

The thought from madness surely springs

To fix a god that is born with wings. 870

Quoth th' other man, "Sir, if you'll tarry

"I'll tell you a tale of my boy Harry

"Would make a man afraid to marry. }

"This boy does oft' from paper white

"In miniature produce a kite. 875

"With tender hands the wood he bends

"On which the body he extends;

"Paste made of flour with water mix'd

"Is the cement by which it is fix'd;

"Then scissars from the maid he'll borrow, 880

"With promise of return to-morrow.

"With those he paper nicely cuts

"Which on the sides for wings he puts.

" The tail, that is an essential part,
 " He manages with equal art, 885
 " With paper shreds at distance ty'd,
 " As not too near nor yet too wide,
 " Which he to fitting length extends
 " Till with a tuft the fabrick ends.
 " Next packthread of the ev'nest twine, 890
 " Or sometimes silk, he 'll to it join,
 " Which by the guidance of his hand
 " Its rise or downfal may command,
 " Or carry messengers to see
 " If all above in order be : 895
 " Then wanton zephirs fan it till it rise,
 " And thro' ethereal rills ploughs up the azure skies.
 " Sometimes in silent shade of night
 " He 'll make it shine with wondrous light
 " By lantern with transparent folds 900
 " Which flaming wax in safety holds.
 " This glitt'ring with mysterious rays
 " Does all the neighbourhood amaze :
 " Then comes the conj'rer o' th' place
 " With legs asquint and crooked face, 905
 " Who with his spying pole from far
 " Pronounces it a blazing star ;
 " That wheat shall fall and oats be dear,
 " And barley shall not spring that year ;
 " That murrain shall infect all kine, 910
 " And measles will destroy the swine ;

"That fair maids' sweethearts shall fall dead
 "Before they lose their maidenhead;
 "And widows shall be forc'd to tarry
 "A month at least before they marry. 915
 "But whilst the fool his thought enjoys
 "The whole contrivance was my boy's.
 "Now mark me; it was from such like things
 "The poets fram'd out Cupid's wings.
 "If a child's nature thus can soar, 920
 "And all this lies within his pow'r,
 "His mother surely can do more. }
 "Pray tell me what is to be done
 "If she 'll with cuckoldmakers run?
 "No watchful care of jealous eye 925
 "Can hinder if escape she 'll try: }
 "The kite will to her carrion fly." }

Where native modesty the mind secures
 The husband has no need of locks and doors;
 The specious comet fram'd by Jealousy
 Will prove delusion all, and all a lie. 931

PART VII.

NOT all the herbs by sage Medea found,
 Not Marfan drugs, tho' mixt with magick sound,
 Not philtres study'd by Thessalian art,
 Can fix the mind and constancy impart. 935

Could these prevail Jason had felt their charms,
 Ulysses still had dy'd in Circe's arms.
 Continue lovely if you 'll be belov'd:
 Virtue from virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
 Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay, 940
 By time the blooming outside will decay.
 See Hyacinth again of form bereft,
 And only thorns upon the rosetree left.
 Then lay up stores of learning and of wit,
 Whose fame shall scorn the Acherontick pit; 945
 And whilst those fleeting shadows vainly fly,
 Adorn the better part, which cannot die.

Ulysses had no magick in his face,
 But then his eloquence had charming grace,
 Such as could force itself to be believ'd, 950
 And all the Wat'ry goddesses deceiv'd;
 To whom Calypso from her widow'd shore
 Sends him these sighs, which furious tempests bore.

"Your passage often I by art delay'd,
 "Oblig'd you more the more to be betray'd. 955
 "Here you have often on this rolling sand
 "Describ'd your scene of war with slender wand:
 "Here is Troy, and this circumference its walls;
 "Here Simois gently in the ocean falls;
 "Here lies my camp; these are the spacious fields
 "Where to this sword the crafty Dolon yields; 960
 "This of Sithonian Rhesus is the tent.—
 "On with the pleasing tale your language went,

" When a tenth wave did with one flash destroy
 " The platform of imaginary Troy. 963
 " By fear like this I would enforce your stay,
 " To see what names the waters toss'd away.
 " I took you cast up helpless by the sea;
 " Thousands of happy hours you pass'd with me,
 " No mention made of old Penelope. 970
 " On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
 " But write our benefits upon the wave.
 " Why then be gone, the seas uncertain trust;
 " As I found you so may you find them just :
 " Dying Calypso must be left behind, 975
 " And all your vows be waisted with the wind."

Fond are the hopes he should be constant now
 Who to his tend'rest part had broke his vow.
 By artful charms the mistress strives in vain
 The loose inconstant wanderer to gain :
 Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain. 981

PART VIII.

INDULGENCE soon takes with a noble mind :
 Who can be harsh that sees another kind ?
 Most times the greatest art is to comply
 In granting that which justice might deny. 985
 We form our tender plants by soft degrees,
 And from a warping stem raise stately trees.

To cut th' opposing waves we strive in vain,
 But if we rise with them and fall again }
 The wish'd-for land with ease we may attain. }
 Such complaisance will a rough humour bend, 991
 And yielding to one failure save a friend.
 Mildness and temper have a force divine
 To make ev'n passion with their nature join.
 The hawk we hate as living still in arms, 995
 And wolves assiduous in the shepherds' harms.
 The sociable swallow has no fears, }
 Upon our tow'rs the dove her nest prepares, }
 And both of them live free from human snares. }
 Far from loud rage and echoing noise of fights 1000
 The softest Love in gentle sound delights.
 Smooth mirth, bright smiles, calm peace, and flowing
 Are the companions of the Paphian boy; [joy,
 Such as when Hymen first his mantle spread 1004
 All o'er the sacred down which made the bridal bed,
 These blandishments keep Love upon the wing,
 His presence fresh, and always in the spring :
 This makes a prospect endless to the view,
 With light that rises still and still is new ;
 At your approach find ev'ry thing serene, 1010
 Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian queen,
 Who brings along her daughter Harmony,
 With Muses sprung from Jove and Graces three.
 Birds shot by you, fish by your angle caught,
 The Golden Apples from Hesperia brought, 1015

The blushing peach, the fragrant nectarines,
 Laid in fresh beds of flow'rs and scented greens,
 Fair lilies strew'd with bloody mulberries,
 Or grapes whose juice made Bacchus reach the skies,
 May oftentimes a grateful present make, 1020
 Not for the value but the giver's sake.

Perhaps she may at vacant hours peruse
 The happy product of your easy Muse.
 Far from intrigue and scandal be your verse,
 But praise of virgin modesty rehearse, 1025
 Mausolus by his consort deify'd,
 How for Admetus blest Alcestis dy'd.
 Since Overbury's Wife * no poets seem
 T' have chose a wiser or a nobler theme.

You'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer,
 Pardon a servant; let all come from her. 1031
 Thus what you grant if she must recommend
 'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
 So when pale Want is craving at the door
 We send our fav'rite son to help the poor; 1035
 Pleas'd with their grateful pray'rs that he may live,
 And find what heav'nly pleasure it is to give.
 Praise all her actions, think her dress is fine;
 Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join:
 Your wealth does best when plac'd on Beauty shine. }

30* This poem, supposed to have been written for the Earl of Somerset, is the character of a good woman, just the reverse of the lady that his friend married. It is printed with his Characters, &c. and had gone through sixteen editions in 1638.

If she in tabby waves encircled be, 1041
 Think Amphitrite rises from the sea;
 If by her the purpleal velvet is worn,
 Think that she rises like the blush of Morn;
 And when her silks afar from Indus come, 1045
 Wrought in Chinese or in the Persian loom,
 Think that she then like Pallas is array'd,
 By whose mysterious art the wheel was made.
 Each day admire her diff'rent graceful air
 In which she winds her bright and flowing hair. 1050
 With her when dancing let your genius fly;
 When in her song the note expires then die.
 If in the autumn when the wasting year
 Its plenty shews that soon must disappear,
 When swelling grape, and peach with lovely hue, 1055
 And pear and apple fresh with fragrant dew,
 By tempting look and taste perhaps invite
 That which we seldom rule, our appetite;
 When noxious heat and sudden cold divides
 The time o'er which hale influence presides, 1060
 Her fev'rish blood should pulse unusual find,
 Or vap'rous damps of spleen should sink her mind,
 Then is the time to shew a lover's cares;
 Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears;
 Give the salubrious draughts with your own hand:
 Persuasion has the force of a command. 1066
 Watch and attend; then your reward will prove
 When she recovers full increase of Love.

Far from this Love is haughty pride, 1070
Which ancient fables best deride;
Women imperious, void of shame,
And careless of their lovers' fame,
Who of tyrannick follies boast,
Tormenting him that loves them most.

When Hercules by labours done 1075
Had prov'd himself to be Jove's son,
By peace which he to earth had giv'n
Deserv'd to have his rest in heav'n,
Envy, that strives to be unjust,
Resolv'd to mortify him first, 1080
And that he should enamour'd be
Of a proud jilt call'd Omphale,
Who should his heroship expose
By spinning hemp in women's clothes:
Her mind she did vouchsafe one day 1085
Thus to her lover to display;

"Come, quickly, Sir, off with my skin;
"Think you I'll let a tanner in?
"If you of lions talk or boars
"You certainly turn out of doors. 1090
"Your club is abundantly too thick
"For one shall move a fiddlestick.
"What should you do with all those arrows?
"I will have nothing kill'd but sparrows.
"Heccy, this day you may remember, 1095
"For you shall see a lady's chamber.

- " Let me be rightly understood;
 " What I intend is for your good.
 " In boddice I design to lace ye,
 " And so among my maids I'll place ye. II10
 " When you're genteeler grown and thinner
 " May be I'll call you up to dinner.
 " With arms so brawny, fists so red,
 " You'll scrub the rooms or make the bed.
 " You can't stick pins or frizle my hair. II15
 " Bless me! you've nothing of an air.
 " You'll ne'er come up to working point;
 " Your fingers all seem out of joint.
 " Then besides, Heccy, I must tell ye
 " An idle hand has empty belly;
 " Therefore this morning I'll begin
 " Try how your clumsiness will spin.
 " You are my shadow, do you see:
 " Your hope, your thought, your wish, all be
 " Invented and controll'd by me. II20
 " Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
 " With trembling horror if I frown.
 " Say as I say: servants can't lie;
 " Your truth is my propriety.
 " Nay, you should be to torture brought
 " Were I but jealous you transgress in thought;
 " Or if from Jove your single wish should crave
 " The fate of not continuing still my slave.

" There is no lover that is wise,
 " Pretends to win at cards or dice;
 " 'Tis for his mistress all is throwing;
 " The ill fortune his, the good her own.
 " Melanion, whilst a lovely youth,
 " Fann'd for his valour and his truth,
 " Whom ev'ry beauty did adorn;
 " Fresh as Aurora's blushing morn,
 " Into the horrid woods is run;
 " Where he ne'er sees the ray of sun,
 " Nor to his palace dares return;
 " Where he for Psyche's love did burn,
 " And found correction at her hands
 " For disobeying just commands;
 " But must his silent penance do;
 " For once not buckling of her shoe
 " A good example, Child! for you;
 " Which shews you when we have our fool
 " We've policy enough to rule.
 " I might have made you such a fellow;
 " As should have carry'd my umbrella,
 " Or bore a flambeau by my chair,
 " And bad the mob not come too near;
 " Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;
 " Nay, been a helper in the stable;
 " To my commands obedience pay;
 " At dead of night or break of day.

- " Speed is your province : if it is I'll on it go :
 " That bid you run you ought to fly.
 " He that Love's nimble passion feels
 " Will soon outstrip my chariot-wheels :
 " Thro' Dogstar's heat he'll tripping go, II 55
 " Nor leaves he print upon the snow :
 " The wind itself to him is slow :
 " He that in Cupid's wars would fight
 " Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
 " A bed of earth midst show'rs of rain,
 " After no supper, are his gain, II 60
 " Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
 " And in a little cottage lay :
 " All this he did for fear of Jove;
 " And who would not do more for Love ? II 65
 " If entrance is by locks deny'd,
 " Then thro' the roof or window slide :
 " Leander each night swam the seas
 " That he might thereby Hero please :
 " Perhaps I may be pleas'd to see
 " Your life in danger when for me, II 70
 " You'll find my servants in a row,
 " Remember then you make your bow,
 " For they are your superiours now.
 " No matter if you do engage, II 75
 " My porter, woman, fav'rite page,
 " My dog, my parrot, monkey, black,
 " Or any thing that does partake
 " Of that admittance which you lack.

- " But after all you may n't prevail, 1180
 " And your most glitt'ring hopes may fail;
 " For Ceres does not always yield
 " The crop entrusted to the field.
 " Fair gales may bring you to a coast
 " Where you 'll by hidden rocks be lost. 1185
 " Love is tenacious of its joys,
 " Gives small reward for great employs,
 " But has as many griefs in store
 " As shells by Neptune cast on shore,
 " As Athos hares, as Hybla bees, 1190
 " Olives on the Palladian trees;
 " And when his angry arrows fall
 " They 're not found ting'd with common gall.
 " You 're told I 'm not at home, it is true :
 " I may be there but not for you, 1195 }
 " And I may let you see it too.
 " Perhaps I bid you come at night :
 " If the door is shut stay till it is light.
 " Perhaps my maid shall bid you go,
 " A thing she knows you dare not do. 1200
 " Your rival shall admision gain,
 " And laugh to see his foe in pain.
 " All this and more you must endure
 " If you from me expect a cure.
 " 'Tis fitting I should search the wound 1205
 " Lest all your danger be not found."

When easy fondness meets with woman's pride,
 Nothing which that can ask must be deny'd;
 He that enjoy'd the honours of great and brave
 Is pleas'd to seem a female and a slave: 1116
 The hero number'd with the gods before
 Is to be bas'd as to be man no more.

PART IX.

Not by the sail with which you put to sea
 Can you where Thetis' wells conducted be:
 To the same port you'll diff'rent passage find, 1215
 And fill your sheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
 You nurs'd the fawn now grown stag wondrous big,
 And sleep beneath the shade you knew a twig.
 The bubbling spring, increas'd by floods and rain,
 Rolls with impetuous stream and foams the main:
 So Love augments in just degrees; at length 1221
 By nutrimental fires it gains its strength.
 Daily till midnight let kind looks or song,
 Or tales of Love, the pleasing hours prolong.
 No weariness upon their blis attends } friends.
 Whom marriage-vows have render'd more than
 So Philomels of equal mates possess 1227 }
 With a congenial heat and downy rest
 And care incessant hover o'er their nest;
 Hence from their eggs (small worlds whence all things
 Produce a race by Nature taught to sing, (spring)

Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come 1232
Had their parental love stray'd far from home.
By a short absence mutual joys increase:
'Tis from the toils of war we value peace. 1235
When Jove a while the fruitful show'r restrains,
The field on his return a brighter verdure gains:
So let not grief too much disturb those hearts
Which for a while the war or bus'ness parts.
'Twas hard to let Protefilaus go, 1240
Who did his death by oracles foreknow.
Ulysses made indeed a tedious stay;
His twenty winters' absence was delay:
But happiness revives with his return,
And Hymen's altars with fresh incense burn. 1245
Tales of his ship, her web, they both recount, [mount.
Pleas'd that their wedlock-faith all dangers could sur-
Make thou speed back; haste to her longing arms;
She may have real or impending harms.
There are no minutes in a lover's fears; 1250
They measure all their time by months and years.
Poets are always virtue's friends;
'Tis what their Muse still recommends;
But then the fatal track it shows
Where devious vice thro' trouble goes. 1255
They tell us how a husband's care
Neglected leaves a wife too fair
In hands of a young spark call'd Paris,
And how the beauteous trust miscarries.

With kindness he receives the youth, 1263
 Whose modest looks might promise truth;
 Then gives him opportunity
 To throw the specious vizard by.
 The man had things to be adjusted
 With which the wife should not be trusted, 1265
 And whilst he gave himself the loose
 Left her at home to keep the house.
 When Helen saw his back was turn'd
 The devil a bit the gipsy mourn'd.
 Says she, "'Tis his fault to be gone; 1270
 " It sha' n't be mine to lie alone.
 " A vacant pillow is such a jest,
 " That with it I could never rest.
 " He ne'er consider'd his own danger
 " To leave me with a handsome stranger. 1275
 " Wolves would give good account of sheep
 " Left to their vigilance to keep.
 " Pray who, except it were geese or widgeons,
 " Would hire a hawk to guard their pigeons?
 " Supposing then it might be said 1280
 " That Menelaus now were dead,
 " A pretty figure I should make
 " To go in mourning for his sake!
 " She that in widow's garb appears,
 " Especially when at my years, 1285
 " May seem to be at her last pray'rs.

"But I'll still have my heart divided

"'Twixt one to lose and one provided.

"He that is gone is gone: less fear

"Of wanting him that I have here." 1290

(The sequel was the fire of Troy,

Brought to destruction by this boy,

They tell us how a wife provok'd,

And to a brutish husband yok'd,

Who by distracting passion led 1295

Scorns all her charms and flies her bed,

When on her rival she has seiz'd

Seems with a secret horror pleas'd:

They then describe her like some boar

Plunging his tusk in mastiff's gore; 1300

Or lions, whose ravish'd whelp

Roars for his mother's furious help;

Or basilisk when rous'd, whose breath,

Teeth, sting, and eyeballs, all are death:

Like franticks struck by magick rod 1305

Of some despis'd avenging god,

Make her thro' blood for vengeance run,

Like Progne sacrifice her son;

And like Medea dart those fires

By which Creusa's ghost expires; 1310

Then let her with exalted rage

Her grief with the same crimes assuage:

To heighten and improve the curse,

Because he is bad they make her worse.

So Tyndaris dissolves in tears 1315
 When first she of Chryseis hears;
 But when Lyrnessis captive is led,
 And ravish'd to defile her bed,
 Her patience lessens by degrees;
 But when at last she Priameis sees, 1320
 Revenge does to Ægys thus fly for ease;
 In his adult'rous arms does plots disclose
 Which fill Mycenæ with stupendous woes,
 And parricide and hell around her throws.

Ye heav'nly Pow'rs! the female truth preserve,
 And let it not from native goodness swerve; 1326
 And let no wanton toys become the cause
 Why men should break Hymen's eternal laws;
 But let such fables and such crimes remain
 Only as fictions of the poet's brain, 1330
 Yet marks set up to shun those dang'rous shelves
 On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themselves.

PART X.

AT first the stars, the air, the earth, and deep,
 Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap,
 Till Love eternal did each being strike 1335
 With voice divine to march and seek its like:
 Then seeds of heav'ns, then air of vap'rous sound,
 Then fertile earth circled with waters round,
 On which the bird, the beast, the fish, might move,
 All centred in that universal Love: 1340

Then man was fram'd with soul of godlike ray,
 And had a nobler share of love than they:
 To him was woman, crown'd with virtue, giv'n,
 The most immediate work and care of Heav'n.

Whilst thus my darling thoughts in raptures sung,
 Apollo to my sight in vision sprung:
 His lyre with golden strings his touch commands,
 And wreaths of laurel flourish in his hands.

Says he, "You Bard that of Love's precepts treat,
 "Your art at Delphi you will best complete."

"There is a short maxim, prais'd when understood,
 "Useful in practice, and divinely good;

"Let each man know himself; strive to excel:

"The pleasure of the blest is doing well.

"Tis wisdom to display the ruling grace:

"Some men are happy in a charming face;

"Know it, but be not vain: some manly show

"By the exploded gun and nervous bow.

"There let them prove their skill; perhaps some heart

"May find that ev'ry shot is Cupid's dart."

"The prudent lover, if his talent lies

"In eloquence, & not talkative but wise,

"So mixes words delicious to the ear,

"That all must be persuaded who can hear.

"He that can sing let him with pleasing sound,

"Tho' it is an air that is not mortal, wound.

"Let not a poet my own art refuse:

"I'll come, and bring assistance to his Muse."

But never by ill means your fortune push,
 Nor raise your credit by another's blush: 1370
 The secret rites of Ceres none profane,
 Nor tell what gods in Samothracia reign:
 'Tis virtue by grave silence to conceal
 What talk without discretion would reveal.
 For fault like this now Tantalus does lie 1375
 In midst of fruits and water starv'd and dry:
 But Cytherea's modesty requires
 Most care to cover all her lambent fires.

Love has a pleasing turn, makes that seem best
 Of which our lawful wishes are possess: 1380
 Andromeda, of Lybic hue and blood,
 Was chain'd a prey to monsters of the flood:
 Wing'd Perseus saw her beauty thro' that cloud. }
 Andromache had large majestick charms,
 Therefore was fittest grace to godlike Hector's arms.
 Beauties in smaller airs bear like commands, 1386
 And wondrous magick acts by slend'rest wands.
 Like Cybele some bear a mother's sway,
 Whilst infant gods and heroines obey.
 Some rule like stars by guidance of their eyes, 1390
 And others please when like Minerva wise.
 Love will from heav'n, art, nature, fancy, raise
 Something that may exalt its consort's praise.

There will be little jealousies
 By which Love's art its subjects tries. 1395
 They think it languishes with rest,
 But rises like the palm oppress:

And as too much prosperity
 Often makes way for luxury,
 Till we by turn of fortune taught
 Have wisdom by experience bought; 1400
 So when the hoary ashes grow
 Around Love's coals it is time to blow;
 And then its craftiness is shown
 To raise your cares to hide its own, 1405
 And have you by a rival crost,
 Only in hopes you may n't be lost.
 Sometimes they say that you are faulty,
 And that they know where you were naughty;
 And then perhaps your eyes they 'd tear, 1410
 Or else dilacerate your hair,
 Not so much for revenge as fear. }
 But she perhaps too far may run;
 And do what she would have you shun,
 Of which there is a poetick story 1415
 That if you please I'll lay before you.

Old Juno made her Jove comply
 For fear, not asking when or why,
 Unto a certain sort of matter,
 Marrying her son unto his daughter; 1420
 And so to bed the couple went,
 Not with their own but friends' consent.
 This Vulcan was a smith they tell us
 That first invented tongs and bellows;
 For breath and fingers did their works, 1425
 (We 'd fingers long before we 'd forks)

Which made his hands, both hard and brawny,
 When wash'd of colour orangt-tawny:
 His whole complexion was a fallow,
 Where black had not destroy'd the yellow. 1430
 One foot was clump'd, which was the stronger,
 T'other spiny, tho' much longer;
 So both to the proportion come
 Of the forefinger and the thumb.
 In short, the whole of him was nasty,
 Illnatur'd, vain, imperious, hasty. 1435
 Deformity alike took place
 Both in his manners and his face:
 Venus had perfect shape and size,
 But then she was not overwise; 1440
 For sometimes she her knee is crimping,
 To imitate th' old man in limping;
 Sometimes his dirty paws she scorns,
 Whilst her fair fingers shew his horns. 1445
 But Mars, the bully of the place,
 The chiefest spark in her good graces.
 At first they're shy, at last grow bolder,
 And conjugal affection colder.
 They car'd not what was said or done,
 Till Impudence defy'd the Sun. 1450

Vulcan was told of this. Quoth he,
 "Is there such roguery? I'll see."
 He then an iron net prepar'd,
 Which he to the bed's tester rear'd,

I (extrin h'ow woud grol'rogall h'ow)

Which when a pulley gave a snare, 1455
 Would fall and make a cuckold's trap;
 All those he plac'd in the best room;
 Then feign'd that he must go from home;
 For he at Lemnos forges had;
 And none but he to mind the trade. 1460

Love was too eager to beware
 Of falling into any snare;
 They went to bed, and so were caught;
 And then they of repentance thought;
 The show being ready to begin, 1465
 Vulcan would call his neighbours in;
 Jove should be there, that does make bold
 With Juno, that notorious scold;
 Neptune, first bargeman on the water;
 Thetis, the oysterwoman's daughter; 1470
 Pluto, that chimney-sweeping sloven;
 With Proserpine hot from her oven;
 And Mercury, that is sharp and cunning
 In stealing customs and in running;
 And Dy the midwife, tho' a virgin; 1475
 And Æsculapius the surgeon;
 Apollo, who might be physician,
 Or serve them else for a musician;
 The piper Pan to play her up;
 And Bacchus with his chirping cup; 1480
 And Hercules should bring his club in
 To give the rogue a lusty drubbing;

And all the Cupids should be by
To see their mother's infamy.

One Momus cry'd, "You're hugely pleas'd; 1485

"I hope your mind will soon be eas'd;

"For when so publickly you find it

"People you know will little mind it:

"They love to tell what no one knows,

"And they themselves only suppose. 1490

"Not ev'ry husband can afford

"To be a cuckold on record;

"Nor should he be a cuckold styl'd

"That once or so has been beguil'd,

"Unless he makes it demonstration, 1495

"Then puts it in some proclamation,

"With gen'ral voice of all the nation."

The company were come, when Vulcan hopping,

And for his key in left side-pocket gropping,

"Cries, "It is but op'ning of that door 1500

"To prove myself a cuckold, her a whore."

They all desir'd his leave that they might go;

They were not curious of so vile a show:

Persons concern'd might one another see,

And they'd believe since witnesses were three: 1505

And they, thus prov'd to be such foolish elves,

Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn, themselves.

Discretion covers that which it would blame,

Until some secret blush and hidden shame

Have cur'd the fault without the noise of Fame.

The work is done : and now let Ovid have : 1511
 Some gratitude attending on his grave :
 Th' aspiring palm, the verdant laurel, strow,
 And sweets of myrtle wreaths around it throw.
 In physick's art as Podalirius skill'd, 1515
 Nestor in court, Achilles in the field,
 As Ajax had in single combat force,
 And as Automedon best rul'd the horse,
 As Calchas vers'd in prophecies from Jove,
 So Ovid has the mastership of Love. 1520
 The poet's honour will be much the less
 Than that which by his means you may possess
 In choice of Beauty's lasting happiness :
 But when the Amazonian quits the field,
 Let this be wrote on the triumphant shield, 1525
 That she by Ovid's Art was brought to yield
 When Ovid's thoughts in British style you see,
 Which may n't so sounding as the Roman be,
 Yet then admittance grant : it is fame to me.

PART XI.

I who the art of war to Danaans gave 1530
 Will make Penthesilea's force as brave,
 That both becoming glorious to the fight
 With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.

: 1531 Pij

What tho' it was Vulcan fram'd Achilles' shield?
 My Amazonian darts shall make him yield. 1535
 A myrtle crown with victory attends
 Those who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
 When Beauty has so many arms in store,
 (Some men will say) why should you give it more?
 Tell me who, when Penelope appears 1540
 With constancy maintain'd for twenty years,
 Who can the fair Laodamia see
 In her lord's arms expire as well as he,
 Can view Alceſſis, who with joy removes
 From earth instead of him she so much loves, 1545
 Can hear of bright Evadne, who in fires
 For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd expires,
 When Virtue has itself a female name?
 So Truth, so Goodness, Piety, and Fame,
 Would headstrong fight, and would not conquer'd be,
 Or sloop to so much generosity. 1551
 'Tis not with sword, or fire, or strength of bow,
 That female warriors to their battle go:
 They have no stratagem or subtle wile;
 Their native innocence can ne'er beguile. 1555
 The fox's various maze, bear's cruel den,
 They leave to fierceness and the craft of men.
 'Twas Jason that transferr'd his broken vows
 From kind Medea to another spouse:
 Theseus left Gnoffis on the sands to be 1560
 Prey to the birds or monsters of the sea:

Demophoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
 Return, and let his Phillis name the shore:
 Æneas wreck'd, and hospitably us'd,
 Fam'd for his piety, yet still refus'd 1565
 To stay where lov'd, but left the dang'rous sword
 By which she dy'd to whom he broke his word.
 Piteous examples! worthy better fate,
 If my instructions had not come too late;
 For then their art and prudence had retain'd 1570
 What first victorious rays of Beauty gain'd.
 Whilst thus I thought, not without grief to find
 Defenceless Virtue meet with fate unkind,
 Bright Cytherea's sacred voice did reach
 My tingling ears, and thus she bad me teach: 1575

“What had the harmless maid deserv'd from thee?”

“Thou hast giv'n weapons to her enemy;

“Whilst in the field she must defenceless stand,

“With want of skill and more unable hand:

“Stesichorus, who would no subject find 1580

“But harm to maids was by the gods struck blind;

“But when his song did with their glories rise

“He had his own restor'd to praise their eyes.

“Be rul'd by me, and arms defensive give;

“'Tis by the ladies' favours you must live.” 1585

She then one mystick leaf with berries four
 (Pluck'd from her myrtle crown) bad me with speed
 devour.

I find the pow'r inspir'd thro' purer sky;
 My breath dissolves in verse to make young lovers die.
 Here Modesty and Innocence shall learn
 How they may truth from flatt'ring speech discern.
 But come with speed; lose not the flying day
 See how the crowding waves roll down away,
 And neither tho' at Love's command will stay
 These waves and time we never can recall,
 But as the minutes pass must lose them all;
 Nor like what is past are days succeeding good,
 But slide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
 Flora, altho' a goddess, yet does fear
 The change that grows with the declining year;
 Whilst glist'ring snakes by casting off their skin
 Fresh courage gain, and life renew'd begin:
 The eagles cast their bills, the stag its horn;
 But Beauty to that blessing is not born.

Thus Nature prompts its use to forward Love,
 Grac'd by examples of the pow'rs above.
 Endymion pierc'd the chaste Diana's heart,
 And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery dart.

PART XII.

A PERSON of some quality
 Happen'd they say in love to be
 With one who held him by delay,
 Would neither say him No or Ay,
 Nor would she have him go his way.

This lady thought it best to send
 For some experienc'd trusty friend,
 To whom she might her mind impart,
 T' unchain her own and bind his heart.
 A tirewoman by occupation,
 A useful and a choice vocation,
 She saw all, heard all, never idle,
 Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle,
 Diverting with a kind of wit,
 Aiming at all, would sometimes hit,
 Tho' in her sort of rambling way
 She many a serious truth would say,
 Thus in much talk among the rest
 The oracle itself express'd:

"I've heard some cry, Well, I profess
 "There is nothing to be gain'd by dress!
 "They might as well say that a field
 "Uncultivated yet would yield
 "As good a crop as that which skill
 "With utmost diligence should till:
 "Our vintage would be very fine
 "If nobody should prune their vine!
 "Good shape and air, it is confess'd,
 "Is giv'n to such as Heav'n has blest;
 "But all folks have not the same graces,
 "There is distinction in our faces:
 "There was a time I'd not repine
 "For any thing amiss in mine,

- " Which, tho' I say it, still seems fair,
 " Thanks to my art as well as care!
 " Our grandmothers they tell us wore
 " Their fardingale and their bandore, 1645
 " Their pinnars, forehead cloth, and ruff,
 " Content with their own cloth and stuff,
 " With hats upon their pates like hives,
 " Things might become such soldiers' wives,
 " Thought their own faces still would last them
 " In the same mould which Nature cast them;
 " Dark paper buildings then stood thick, 1651
 " No palaces of stone or brick;
 " And then, alas! were no Exchanges;
 " But see how time and fashion changes! 1655
 " I hate old things and age. I see,
 " Thank Heav'n! times good enough for me.
 " Your goldsmiths now are mighty neat;
 " I love the air of Lombard Street.
 " Whate'er a ship from India brings, 1660
 " Pearls, diamonds, silks, are pretty things;
 " The cabinet, the screen, the fan,
 " Please me extremely if Japan;
 " And what affects me still the more,
 " They had none of them heretofore. 1665
 " When you 're unmarried never load ye
 " With jewels; they may incommode ye:
 " Lovers may n't dare approach; but mostly
 " They 'll fear when marry'd you 'll be costly.

" Fine rings and lockets best are try'd 1670
 " When giv'n to you as a bride;
 " In the meantime you shew your sense
 " By going fine at small expense.
 " Sometimes your hair you upwards furl,
 " Sometimes lay down in fav'rite curl; 1675
 " All must thro' twenty fiddlings pass,
 " Which none can teach you but your glass;
 " Sometimes they must dishevell'd lie,
 " On neck of polish'd ivory;
 " Sometimes with strings of pearl they're fix'd,
 " And the united beauty mix'd; 1681
 " Or when you won't their grace unfold,
 " Secure them with a bar of gold.
 " Humour and fashions change each day;
 " Not birds in forests, flow'rs in May, 1685
 " Would sooner number'd be than they.
 " There is a sort of negligence
 " Which some esteem as excellence;
 " Your art with so much art to hide
 " That nothing of it be descry'd; 1690
 " To make your careless tresses flow
 " With so much air that none should know
 " Whether they had been comb'd or no;
 " But in this so neglected hair
 " Many a heart has found its snare. 1695
 " Nature indeed has kindly sent
 " Us many things, more we invent;

- " Little enough, as I may say,
 " To keep our beauty from decay.
 " As leaves that with fierce winds engage
 " Our curling tresses fall with age:
 " But then by German herbs we find
 " Colour for locks to gray inclin'd.
 " Sometimes we purchase hair; and why?
 " Is not all that our own we buy?
 " You buy it publickly, say they:
 " Why tell us that when we do n't pay.
 " Of French pomades the Town is full.
 " Praise Heav'n no want of Spanish wool!
 " Let them look flusht, let them look dead,
 " That can't afford the white and red.
 " In Covent-Garden you buy posies,
 " There we our lilies and our roses.
 " Who would a charming eyebrow lack
 " Who can get any thing that is black?
 " Let not these boxes open lie;
 " Some folks are too much giv'n to pry.
 " Art not dissembl'd would disgrace
 " The purchas'd beauties of our face:
 " This if such persons should discover
 " I would rather lose than gain a lover.
 " Who is there now but understands
 " Searchcloths to flea the face or hands?
 " Tho' the idea is not so taking,
 " And the skin seems but odd in making,

" Yet when it will with fresh lustre shine, *you shall* "

" Her spark will tell you it is divine. *you shall* "

" That picture there your eye does strike *you shall* "

" It is the work of great Van Dyke, *you shall* "

" Which by a Roman would be fainted, *you shall* 1730

" What was it but canvass till it was painted? *you shall* "

" There is several things should not be known; *you shall* }

" O'er these there is a curtain drawn *you shall* }

" Till it is their season to be shown. *you shall* }

" Your door on fit occasions keep *you shall* 1735

" Fast shut: who knows but you're asleep? *you shall* "

" When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes, *you shall* }

" And what else at the toilet lies, *you shall* }

" Are all put on we're said to rise. *you shall* }

" There was a lady whom I knew, *you shall* 1740

" That must be nameless 'cause it is true, *you shall* "

" Who had the dismaldest mischance *you shall* "

" I've heard of since I was in France: *you shall* "

" I do protest the thoughts of it *you shall* "

" Have almost put me in a fit. *you shall* 1745

" Old Lady Meanwell's chamber door, *you shall* "

" Just on the stairs of the first floor, *you shall* "

" Stood open; and pray who should come *you shall* "

" But Knowall flouncing in the room? *you shall* "

" No single hair upon her head *you shall* 1750

" I thought she would have fell down dead. *you shall* "

" At last she found a cap of hair, *you shall* "

" Which she put on with such an air, *you shall* "

- " That ev'ry lock was out of place; w^hen I saw it
 " And all hung dangling down her face. 1755
 " I would not mortify one say, 1756
 " Except some twenty that I know. 1757
 " Her carelessness and her defects 1758
 " Were laid to Mistress Prue's neglect; 1759
 " And much illnature was betray'd 1760
 " By noise and scolding with the maid; 1761
 " The young look on such things as stuff, 1762
 " Thinking their bloom has art enough 1763
 " When smooth we matter it not at all; 1764
 " 'Tis when the Thames is rough we squall 1765
 " But whate'er it is may be pretended 1766
 " No face or shape but may be mended; 1767
 " All have our faults, and must abide them; 1768
 " We therefore should take care to hide them. 1769
 " You're short; sit still, you'll taller seem; 1770
 " You're only shorter from the stem 1771
 " By looser garb your leanness is conceal'd; 1772
 " By want of stays the grosser shape is reveal'd. 1773
 " The more the blemishes upon the feet, 1774
 " The greater care the lace and shoes be neat. 1775
 " Some backs and sides are wav'd like billows; 1776
 " These holes are best made up with pillows. 1777
 " Thick fingers always should command 1778
 " Without the stretching out the hand. 1779
 " Who has bad teeth should never see 1780
 " A play unless a tragedy; 1781

- " For we can teach you how to simper, you see A
 " And when it is proper you should whimper, B
 " Think that your grace and wit is now C
 " Not in your laughing at a thing, but how. 1785
 " Let room for something more than breath D
 " Just shew the ends of milkwhite teeth. E
 " There is a *je n'fais quoi* is found F
 " In a soft smooth affected sound; G
 " But there is a shrieking crying tone H 1790
 " Which I ne'er lik'd when all is done; I
 " And there are some who laugh like men; J
 " As ne'er to shut their mouths again; K
 " So very loud and *mal propos*, L
 " They seem like hautboys to a show. 1795
 " But now for the reverse. 'Tis skill M
 " To let your tears flow when you will: N
 " It is of use when people die, O
 " Or else to have the spleen, and cry P
 " Because you have no reason why. 1800 }
 " Now for your talk.—Come, let me see: Q
 " Here lose your H, here drop your T; R
 " Despise that R; your speech is better S
 " Much for destroying of one letter. T
 " Now lisp, and have a sort of pride U 1805
 " To seem as if your tongue were ty'd; V
 " This is such a becoming fault, W
 " Rather than want it should be taught. X

- " And now that you have learnt to talk
 " Pray let me see if you can walk.
 " There is many dancingmasters treat
 " Of management of ladies' feet.
 " There is some their mincing gate have chose,
 " Treading without their heel or toes,
 " She that reads Tasso or Malherbe
 " Chuses a step that is superbe,
 " Some giddy creatures, as if shunning
 " Something dislik'd, are always running:
 " Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride,
 " As our lifeguard men, all astride,
 " But each of these have decoration
 " According to their affectation.
 " That dance is graceful and will please
 " Where all the motions glide with ease.
 " We to the skilful theatre
 " This seeming want of art prefer:
 " 'Tis no small art to give direction
 " How to suit knots to each complexion,
 " How to adorn the breast and head
 " With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
 " As the morn rises, so that day
 " Wear purple, sky-colour, or gray;

* By the manner in which Tasso and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr King, they seem not to have been the most fashionable authors of that age. Our Author has translated what he calls An admirable Ode of Malherbe.

- " Your black at Lent, your green in May, 1835
 " Your filamot when leaves decay;
 " All colours in the summer shine;
 " The nymphs should be like gardens fine;
 " It is the fashion nowadays
 " That almost ev'ry lady plays;
 " Basset and piquet grow to be
 " The subject of our comedy;
 " But whether we diversion seek
 " In these, in comet, or in glee,
 " Or ombre, where true judgment can
 " Disclose the sentiments of man,
 " Let 's have a care how we discover,
 " Especially before a lover,
 " Some passions which we should conceal,
 " But heats of play too oft' reveal;
 " For be the matter small or great
 " There is like abhorrence for a cheat.
 " There is nothing spoils a woman's graces
 " Like peevishness and making faces;
 " Then angry words and rude discourse
 " You may be sure becomes them worse.
 " With hopes of gain when we're beset
 " We do too commonly forget
 " Such guards as screen us from those eyes
 " Which may observe us and despise.
 " I'd burn the cards rather than know
 " Of any of my friends did so. 1860

Q u i p

- " I've heard of some such things, but I, 1865
 " Thanks to my stars! was never by.
 " Thus we may pass our time: the men
 " A thousand ways divert their spleen
 " Whilst we sit peevishly within; 1865
 " Hunting, cocking, racing, joking;
 " Fuddling, swimming, fencing, smoking;
 " And little thinking how poor we
 " Must vent our scandal o'er our tea.
 " I see no reason but we may 1870
 " Be brisk, and equally as gay.
 " Whene'er our gentlemen would range
 " We'll take our chariot for the 'Change:
 " If they're disposing for the play
 " We'll hasten to the opera; 1875
 " Or when they'll lustily carouse
 " We'll surely to the Indian House;
 " And at such cost whilst thus we roam
 " For cheapness' sake they'll stay at home.
 " Few wise men's thoughts e'er yet pursu'd 1880
 " That which their eyes had never view'd;
 " And so our never being seen
 " Is the same thing as not t' have been.
 " Grandeur itself and poverty 1885
 " Were equal if no witness by;
 " And they who always sing alone
 " Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.
 " Had Danae been shut up still
 " She'd been a maid against her will,

- " And might have grown prodigious old, 1890
 " And never had her story told.
 " 'Tis fit fair maids should run a-gadding
 " To set the am'rous beaux a-madding.
 " To many a sheep the wolf has gone,
 " Ere it can neatly seize on one; 1895
 " And many a partridge 'scapes away
 " Before the hawk can pounce its prey
 " And so if pretty damfels rove
 " They 'll find out one perhaps may love,
 " If they no diligence will spare, 1900
 " And in their dressing still take care.
 " The fisher baits his hook all night
 " In hopes by chance some eel may bite.
 " Each with their diff'rent grace appears,
 " Virgins with blush, widows with tears, 1905
 " Which gain new husbands tender-hearted,
 " To think how such a couple parted.
 " But then there are some foppish beaux
 " Like us in all things but their clothes;
 " That we may seem the more robust, 1910
 " And fittest to accost them first,
 " With powder, paint, false locks, and hair,
 " They give themselves a female air;
 " Who having all their tale by rot,
 " And harping still on the same note, 1915
 " Will tell us that and nothing more
 " Than what a thousand heard before:

"Tho' they all marks of Love pretend
 "There is nothing which they less intend;
 "And 'midst a thousand hideous oaths 1920
 "With jewels false and borrow'd clothes;
 "Our easiness may give belief
 "To one that is an arrant thief."

The spark was coming; she undrest
 Scuttles away as if posselt. 1925
 The Governess cries, "Where d'ye run?"
 "Why, Madam, I've but just begun."
 She bawls; the other nothing hears,
 But leaves her prattling to the chairs.

Virtue without these little arts 1930
 At first subdues, then keeps our hearts;
 And tho' more gracefully it shows
 When it from lovely persons flows,
 Yet often goodness most prevails
 When beauty in perfection fails. 1935
 'Tho' ev'ry feature may n't be well,
 Yet all together may excel.
 'There is nothing but will easy prove
 When all the rest is made up by Love.

PART XIII.

VIRGINS should not unskill'd in musick be; 1940
 For what is more like themselves than harmony?

Let not vice use it only to betray,
 As Sirens by their songs entice their prey:
 Let it with sense, with voice, and beauty join,
 Grateful to eyes and ear, and to the mind divine; 1945
 For there is a double grace when pleasing strings
 Are touch'd by her that more delightful sings.
 Thus Orpheus did the rage of deserts quell,
 And charm'd the monstrous instruments of hell:
 New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began, 1950
 Whilst to the work officious marble ran:
 Thus with his harp and voice Arion rode
 On the mute fish safe thro' the rolling flood.

Nor are the essays of the female wit
 Less charming in the verses they have writ, 1955
 From ancient ages Love has found the way
 Its bashful thoughts by letters to convey,
 Which sometimes run in such engaging strain
 That pity makes the fair write back again.
 What is thus intended some small time delay; 1960
 His passion strengthens rather by our stay:
 Then with a cautious wit your pen withhold,
 Lest a too free expression make him bold.
 Create a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
 And in reproof let tenderness appear. 1965
 As he deserves it give him hopes of life:
 A cruel mistress makes a froward wife.
 Affect not foreign words: Love will impart
 A gentle style more excellent than art.

Astrea's * lines flow on with so much ease, 101970
 That she who writes like them must surely please. 101971
 Orinda's † works, with courtly graces stor'd, 101972
 True sense in nice expressions will afford; 101973
 Whilst Chudleigh's ‡ words scrappick thoughts express 101974
 In lovely grandeur, but without excess. 101975
 Oh! had not Beauty parts enough to wound, 101976
 But it must pierce us with poetick sound, 101977
 Whilst Phœbus suffers female pow'rs to tear 101978
 Wreaths from his Daphne which they justly wear! 101979

* A name assumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady well known in the gay and poetical world in the licentious reign of King Charles II. She was authoress of seventeen plays, two volumes of novels, several translations, and many poems.

† The poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Phillips. She was the daughter of John Fowler merchant, and born in London 1631; was married to James Phillips of the Priory of Cardigan, Esq. about the year 1647, and died in Fleetstreet in the month of June 1664. Her poems have been several times printed. She was also the writer of a volume of letters published many years after her death, to Sir Charles Cottrel, entitled Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus, which have been admired.—Mrs. Phillips was as much famed for her friendship as for her poetry; and had the good fortune to be equally esteemed by the best poet and the best divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addressed his Discourse on the Nature and Effects of Friendship to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory in an elegant ode preserved amongst his works.

‡ This lady was daughter to Richard Lee of Winslade, in the county of Devon, Esq. She was born in the year 1656, became the wife of Sir George Chudleigh of Ashton, in the same county, Bart. and died Dec. 15th 1710. Her poems were twice printed in her lifetime in one volume 8vo.; the second edition in 1709. She also published a volume of Essays upon several Subjects in Prose and Verse 1710.

If greater things to lesser we compare 1980
 The skill of Love is like the art of war.
 The gen'ral says, "Let him the horse command;
 "You by that ensign, you that cannon, stand:
 "Where danger calls let th' other bring supplies:"
 With pleasure all obey in hopes to rise. 1985
 So if you have a servant skill'd in laws
 Send him with moving speech to plead your cause.
 He that has native unaffected voice
 In singing what you bid him will rejoice.
 And wealth as Beauty orders it bestow'd 1990
 Would make ev'n misers in expenses proud.
 But they o'er whom Apollo rules have hearts
 The most susceptible of lovers' smarts,
 And like their god so they feel Cupid's darts. }
 The gods and kings are by their labours prais'd,
 And they again by them to honour rais'd; 1996
 For none to Heav'n or majesty express
 Their duty well but in return were blest:
 Nor did the mighty Scipio think it scorn
 That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born, 2000
 His wars, retirements, councils, should attend,
 In all distinguish'd by the name of Friend.
 He that for want of worlds to conquer wept
 Without consulting Homer never slept.
 The poet's cares all terminate in fame; 2005
 As they obtain they give a lasting name.

Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia rise;
 And Berenice's Hair adorns the skies.
 The sacred bard no treach'rous craft displays;
 But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays:
 Far from ambition and wealth's sordid care,
 In him good nature and content appear;
 And far from courts, from studious parties free,
 He sighs forth Laura's charms beneath some tree;
 Despairing of the valu'd prize he loves
 Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.
 Poets have quick desire and passion strong;
 Where once it lights there it continues long:
 They know that truth is the perpetual band
 By which the world and heav'n of Love must stand.
 The poet's art softens their tempers so
 That manners easy as their verses flow.
 Oh! could they but just retribution find,
 And as themselves what they adore be kind!
 In vain they boast of their celestial fire,
 Whilst there remains a heav'n to which they can't
 Apelles first brought Venus to our view,
 With blooming charms and graces ever new,
 Who else unknown to mortals might remain
 Hid in the caverns of her native main;
 And with the painter now the poets join
 To make the mother and her boy divine:
 Therefore attend, and from their musick learn
 That which their minds inspir'd could best discern.

First see how Sidney then how Cowley mov'd,
 And with what art it was that Waller lov'd: 2036
 Forget not Dorset, in whose gen'rous mind
 Love, sense, wit, honour, ev'ry grace, combin'd:
 And if for me you one kind wish would spare,
 Answer a poet to his friendly pray'r; 2040
 Take Stepney's verse, with candour ever blest,
 For Love will there still with his ashes rest:
 There let warm spice and fragrant odours burn,
 And everlasting sweets perfume his urn.

Not that the living Muse is to be scorn'd; 2045
 Britain with equal worth is still adorn'd.
 See Halifax, where sense and honour mixt
 Upon the merits just reward have fixt;
 And read their works who writing in his praise
 To their own verse immortal laurels raise. 2050
 Learn Prior's lines, for they can teach you more
 Than sacred Ben or Spenser did before;
 And mark him well that uncouth physick's art
 Can in the softest tune of wit impart.
 See Pastorella o'er Florello's grave, 2055
 See Tamerlane make Bajazet his slave,
 And Phædra with her ancient vigour rave. }
 Thro' Rapin's nurseries and gardens walk, [talk.
 And find how nymphs transform'd by am'rous colours
 Pomona see with Milton's grandeur rise, 2060
 The most delicious fruit of Paradise,
 With apples might the first-born man deceive,
 And more persuasive voice than tempting Eve.

Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has still in store, 2065
Whom would I number up I must outrun
The longest course of the laborious sun,

PART XIV.

OUR manners like our countenance should be,
They always candid, and the other free;
But when our mind by anger is possess'd 2070
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beast:
No feature then its wonted grace retains
When the blood blackens in the swelling veins;
The eyeballs shoot out fiery darts would kill
Th' opposer if the Gorgon had its will, 2075
When Pallas in a river saw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks she let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face
Which in that passion once consults her glass.
Let Beauty ne'er be with this torment seiz'd, 2080
But ever rest serene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and sullen brow seems to reprove
The first advances that are made to Love,
To which there is nothing more averse than pride.
Men without speaking often are deny'd; 2085
And a disdainful look too oft' reveals
Those seeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.

When eyes meet eyes, and smiles to smiles return,
 'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
 And by their mutual passion soon will know 2090
 That all are darts, and shot from Cupid's bow:
 But when some lovely form does strike your eyes
 Be cautious still how you admit surprise.
 What you would love with quick discretion view;
 The object may deceive by being new: 2095
 You may submit to a too hasty fate,
 And would shake off the yoke when it is too late.
 We often into our destruction sink
 By not allowing time enough to think:
 Resist at first. For help in vain we pray 2100
 When ills have gain'd full strength by long delay.
 Be speedy, lest perhaps the growing hour
 Put what is now within beyond our pow'r.
 Love as a fire in cities finds increase,
 Proceeds, and till the whole is destroy'd won't cease:
 It with allurements does like rivers rise, 2105
 From little springs enlarg'd by vast supplies.
 Had Myrrha kept this guard she had not stood
 A monumental crime in weeping wood.
 Because that Love is pleasing in its pain 2110
 We not without reluctance health obtain.
 Physick may tarry till to-morrow's fun,
 Whilst the cur'd poisons thro' the vitals run.
 The tree not to be shook has pierc'd the ground,
 And death must follow the neglected wound. 2115

O'er diff'rent ages Love bears diff'rent sway,
Takes various turns to make all forts obey.
The colt unback'd we sooth with gentle trace,
We feed the runner destin'd for the race;
And it is with time and masters we prepare 2120
The manag'd courfers rushing to the war.
Ambitious youth will have some sparks of pride,
And not without impatience be deny'd.
If to his Love a rival you afford,
You then present a trial for his sword: 2125
His eager warmth disdains to be preplex'd,
And rambles to the beauty that is next.
Maturer years proceed with care and sense;
And as they seldom give so seldom take offence:
For he that knows resistance is in vain 2130
Knows likewise struggling will increase his pain.
Like wood that is lately cut in Paphian grove
Time makes him a fit sacrifice for Love:
By slow degrees he fans the gentle fire,
Till perseverance makes the flame aspire. 2135
This Love is more sure, the other is more gay;
But then he roves whilst this is forc'd to stay.
There are some tempers which you must oblige
Not by a quick surrender but a siege;
That most are pleas'd when driven to despair 2140
By what they're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think unless their usage has been hard
Their conquest loses part of its reward,

Thus some raise spleen from their abounding wealth,
 And clogg'd with sweets from acids seek their health :
 And many a boat does its destruction find 2146
 By having scanty sails too full of wind.

Is it not treachery to declare
 The feeble parts we have in war?
 Is it not folly to afford 2150
 Our enemy a naked sword?
 Yet it is my weakness to confess
 What puts men often in distress:
 But then it is such beaux * as be 2155
 Possess'd with so much vanity
 To think that wheresoe'er they turn
 Whoever looks on them must burn.
 What they desire they think is true
 With small encouragement from you.
 They will a single look improve, 2160
 And take civilities for love.

* It is obvious that this word conveys, at present, a very different idea from its original signification, which was plainly that of an accomplished gentleman.—How different are the manly beaux of Farquhar from the present Macaronies ! and how many intermediate gradations have arisen between them? The genuine beau appears to have been corrupted by a servile imitation of that ludicrous character the *petit maitre* of our neighbour nation, a title affected by such of that vain people as had no other, in humble emulation of their *grand maitre* Louis XIV. : from these came the Lord Foppingtons and Sir Harry Wlldairs, and from them degenerated by degrees the Fribble and the Macaroni.

"We all expected you at play;

"Was it not a mistress made you stay?"

The beau is fir'd, cries, "Now I find a vassal bay."

"I out of pity must be kind;

"She sigh'd impatient till I came."

Thus soaring to the lively flame

We see the vain ambitious fly

Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die;

Both sexes have their jealousy,

And ways to gain their ends thereby,

But oftentimes too quick belief

Has giv'n a sudden vent to grief,

Occasion'd by some persons lying

To set an easy wife a-crying;

And Procris long ago, alas!

Experienc'd this unhappy case.

There is a mount, Hymettus styl'd,

Where pinks and rosemary are wild;

Where strawberries and myrtles grow,

And violets make a purple show;

Where the sweet bays and laurel shine,

All shaded by the lofty pine;

Where zephyrs with their wanton motion

Have all the leaves at their devotion;

Here Cephalus, who hunting lov'd,

When dogs and men were both remov'd,

And all his dusty labour done,

In the meridian of the sun

Into some secret hedge would creep,
 And sing and hum himself asleep;
 But commonly being hot and dry
 He thus would for some cooler cry:

"O now if some
 "Cooler would come!"

"Dearest, rarest,"

"Loveliest, fairest,"

"Cooler! come."

"Oh! Air,"

"Fresh and rare!"

"Dearest, rarest,"

"Loveliest, fairest,"

"Cooler! come. Cooler! come. Cooler! come."

A woman that had heard him sing

Soon had her malice on the wing;

For females usually do n't want

A fellow-gossip that will cant,

Who still is pleas'd with others' ails,

And therefore carries spiteful tales.

She thought that she might raise some strife

By telling something to his wife;

That once upon a time she stood

In such a place, in such a wood,

On such a day, and such a year,

There did, at least there did appear

('Cause for the world she would not lie

As she must tell her by the by)

Her husband, first more loudly bawling,
 And afterwards more softly calling
 A person not of the best fame,
 And Mistress Cooler was her name.

"Now, Gossip, why should she come thither
 "But that they might be naught together?"

When Cris heard all her colour turn'd,
 And tho' her heart within her burn'd,
 And eyeballs sent forth sudden flashes,
 Her cheeks and lips were pale as ashes.

Then, "Wo the day that she was born!"
 The nightrail innocent was torn;
 Many a thump was giv'n the breast;

"And she, oh! she should never rest!
 "She straight would hie her to the woods;

"And he 'd repent it—that he shou'd."
 With eager haste away she moves,
 Never regarding scarf or gloves:

Into the grotto soon she creeps,
 And into ev'ry thicket peeps,
 And to her eyes there did appear

'Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
 "And now (she cries) I plainly see

"How time and place and all agree:
 "But here is a covert where I'll lie,

"And I shall have them by and by."
 'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as last time,

Heated and ruffled with his pastime,

Came to the very selfsame place;
 Where he was us'd to wash his face;
 And then he sung, and then he humm'd,
 And on his knee with fingers thrumm'd.
 When Crissy found all matters fair,
 And that he only wanted Air,
 Saw what device was took to fool her,
 And no such one as Mistress Cooler,
 Mistrusting then no future harm,
 She would have rush'd into his arms;
 But as the leaves began to rustle,
 He thought some beast had made the bustle:
 He shot; then cry'd, "I've kill'd my deer."—
 "Ay, so you have, (says Cris) I fear."—
 "Why, Crissy! pray what made you here?"
 "By Gossip Trot I understood
 "You kept a small girl in this wood."
 Quoth Ceph, "'Tis pity thou shouldst die
 "For this thy foolish jealousy,
 "For it is a passion that does move
 "Too often from excess of love."
 But when they fought for wound full fore
 The petticoat was only tore,
 And she had got a lusty thump
 Which in some measure bruis'd her rump:
 Then home most lovingly they went;
 Neither had reason to repent:
 Their following years pass'd in content,

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2265

2270

And Crissy made him the best wife
For the remainder of his life. 2275

The Muse has done, nor will more laws obtrude,
Lest she by being tedious should be rude.
Unbrace Love's swans; let them unharnessed stray,
And eat ambrosia thro' the Milky Way:
Give liberty to ev'ry Paphian dove, 2280
And let them freely with the Cupids rove:
But when the Amazonian trophies rise
With monuments of their past victories,
With what discretion and what art they fought
Let them record "They were by Ovid taught." 2285

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